

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,707, Vol. 66.

July 14, 1888.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE EMPERORS' MEETING.

THE excitement which has been created on the Continent in reference to the meeting of two cousins, the one Czar of RUSSIA, the other German EMPEROR, is of a rather different character from that which, even before they became common, used a few years ago to be caused by similar rendezvous. It is openly alleged in some quarters, confidently anticipated in some, and nervously deprecated in yet others, that the meeting will, or may, or should result, not in a confirmation of arrangements already known to Europe, but in the formation of quite new ones. Nor is it to be denied that there is something more than the very pale cast of colour which satisfies the usual quidnunc for such hopes or fears. In the first place, the visit is altogether unusually early for a newly-enthroned sovereign, and one who has ascended the throne under the peculiar circumstances of the Emperor WILLIAM II.'s accession. In the second, it has been heralded by expressions of, at any rate, unusual personal warmth. In the third, it comes after other expressions made, not indeed by the Sovereign but by a person certainly not of importance inferior to his, which also gave Russia to understand that Germany was desirous to fall upon her neck. These things are publicly known. But it would be idle to affect ignorance of at least a general opinion (whether well-founded or not, it is no business of ours to say) that the new EMPEROR has certain violent prejudices, if not certain violent affections, which he might not be sorry to gratify. We do not propose to discuss here at any length or in any technical fashion the report just issued by certain German doctors in reference to the Emperor FREDERICK's illness; but we may say that it is a very singular document indeed. It is a violent attack on an individual, and yet it obviously does not charge that individual with the offence which its publication would seem to imply. If it were insinuated that Sir MORELL MACKENZIE (who, by the way, would do well to eschew that pestilent beast the interviewer) killed the late German Emperor, the thing would be intelligible; unfortunately the real gravamen appears to be exactly the other way.

But enough of discussion on this exceedingly painful subject, which, if it does not reveal, suggests a tone of feeling to which the reigning families of Europe have long been strangers. It is sufficient that this feeling is said to exist, and that curiously little attempt is made by those concerned to deny it. It may count as one of the lesser and merely probable elements in the question between EMPEROR and CZAR. What is really interesting in that question is, of course, the immediate result, and here a different set of considerations and probabilities comes in. In estimating the amount of what Germany is likely to "do for" Russia, or to allow Russia to do for herself, one thing appears to us to be very generally forgotten. Prince BISMARCK's policy, since certain events in 1875 reminded him that even such a triumph as that of 1870 is not enough to confer irresponsibility on a single Power, has been, as every one who can think knows, a policy of by turns elaborately courting and then gently checking Russia. Until just before the Emperor WILLIAM I.'s death the checking process had been going on for some time, and partly had been effected by, partly had induced, the new connexion with Italy. But it is as little Prince BISMARCK's wish to estrange Russia seriously as it is to fling himself into her arms to live or die there. He is far too clever a man not to perceive all the infinite difficulties in the way of a Russo-French alliance; but he is also far too wary and well informed not to know that such an alliance might possibly be formed; and that, if some one appeared who could even for a time consolidate and direct the at present scattered and headless power of France, it would be an

alliance threatening, if not fatal, to the state of things which he has built up with such skill, such care, such dauntless courage, such unflagging energy. It was time some time ago to bestow some attention on the other dear charmer; and, though fate and Sir MORELL MACKENZIE made it impossible at once, it has become possible now. But it is pretty certain that neither need be afraid of the other having more than the necessary attention.

It happens, however, that the amount of what may be necessary attention is very interesting to one of the two, that is to say Austria, and is scarcely less interesting to England, a third charmer who, as some folk think, might have had a share of Prince BISMARCK's addresses and has unwisely been cold to them. We have repeatedly pointed out that a serious abetting of Russian designs on the Balkan Peninsula is, so long as Prince BISMARCK has not fallen into dotage, impossible on his part. But he has an admittedly difficult game to play, and he is far too bold a gamester to commit the mistake of fearing to risk even a good card in order to get a still better into his hand. Unfortunately, too, the condition of the Balkan Peninsula itself is such as to permit him to play a very complicated game indeed. There is the Bulgarian question, where his unworthy treatment of Prince FERDINAND may have just been made easier by his own change of masters; for the HOHENZOLLERNS, distinguished as they are, are sufficiently new comers among European Sovereigns to be desperately contemptuous of still newer comers than themselves. There are the disputes between the King and Queen of SERBIA, the brigandage question, and half a dozen other things. A less skilful politician than the PRINCE might easily manage in a welter like this to surrender something on Austria's part which may please the CZAR's vanity without seriously weakening the position of the Germany of the future towards the south. This, moreover, would be made easier by the well-known fact that with the present CZAR personal matters rank far before strictly political ones—a fact which accounts for the peculiar reference to him in the EMPEROR's speech, and which must have made the real author of that speech chuckle a little as he wrote it or endorsed it. As for any other projects of Russia, it is scarcely necessary for Germany to do anything with regard to them. We are not allies of hers.

Nevertheless, it will be for persons not present on the deck of any yacht or in the rooms of any marine palace where CZAR and EMPEROR meet, nor belonging to either nationality, German or Russian, to determine whether any serious results shall come of the meeting or not. The quality of living Austrian statesmen is, on the whole, very little known, and has certainly never been tested. Perhaps it is not quite good for an empire to be so much in *statu pupillari* as the Austrian Empire has been for some years past. But it is certain that if Count KALNOKY is a statesman, or if there is any other statesman who is looking about for Time's forelock at the moment that Time offers it, the game of Austria is perfectly clear, and her success, accidents excepted, all but certain. There is still no Power in Europe, the good will of which is half so important to Germany as Austria's good will; while there is none by protecting whose interests Germany can make a tenth part of the gain which she can secure by protecting Austria's interests. For different, but not very much less forcible, reasons Austria can count, if she manages properly, on the alliance of Italy. With such cards, Austrian statesmen must be bad players if they cannot win the game by simply refusing, unless forced by Russia, to abandon to her anything south of the Danube. It would not, of course, be necessary to make the retention of Prince FERDINAND an article of faith or a *casus belli*, and in the other questions it might be possible to humour Russia without knuckling down to her. But with Austria in an attitude of rational

obstinacy, nothing damaging to the rights and the peace of Europe can result from the most fraternal greetings of the CZAR and the EMPEROR, unless the two resolve to throw Prince BISMARCK's whole policy overboard, and begin a new system of trying to subjugate Europe for themselves. As for England, it is a happy coincidence that the naval manœuvres should come at the time of this meeting. It is only a coincidence of course, but it is also a reminder that there is a Power not quite dead yet, not pledged anywhere, and able to strike in on the side that best suits her with a sword still tolerably heavy and sharp.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

THE modest form of Mr. FENWICK's motion for the payment of members of Parliament was probably suggested by a doubt whether the proposal would be favourably received by the House. In its terms the scheme purported to be recommended to the consideration, not of Parliament, but of a body which for legislative purposes is still supposed to be unknown to the Constitution. HER MAJESTY'S Government was invited to consider whether and under what circumstances it would be expedient to revert to the ancient custom of paying members for their services in Parliament. It might almost have been contended that, as the opinion of the Government was not doubtful, there was no further need of inquiry; but only one simple and straightforward understanding was deceived by Mr. FENWICK's scrupulous moderation. Mr. GLADSTONE protested against the assumption which had been common to speakers on both sides, that the question in debate was whether members were to be paid, and, if so, whether they were to be paid out of the Consolidated Fund. It is but just to admit that Mr. FENWICK had not attempted to mislead unsophisticated minds by confining his argument to the words of his motion. His temperate and well-reasoned speech was devoted to an attempt to convince the House that either all members or those who had no sufficient private means ought to receive salaries, of which Mr. FENWICK prudently declined to specify the amount, or the fund from which they were to be provided. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN seemed to wish to follow the precedent of the statement made by applicants for political pensions that they have not otherwise adequate means of maintaining their social position. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, appeared to object to a proceeding which might produce an invidious distinction. If he was in the right, Mr. MATTHEWS was probably justified in the inference that all members must be both allowed and compelled to receive the allowance. The cost of such an arrangement to the country is a matter of secondary importance. Even if Mr. JENNINGS was accurate in his estimate of the expense, a charge of two or three hundred thousand pounds would be less serious than the political revolution of which it would represent the cost.

The fringes of the question and the rhetorical flourishes which it naturally suggests occupied a considerable part of the debate. As Mr. FENWICK recited in his notice of motion, members were once paid, and the practice was not finally discontinued till two or three centuries ago. When Parliament first assumed a definite shape, the principal object of a representative system was to provide a revenue for the Crown. The counties and boroughs instructed their delegates to contribute in their name, and the knights and burgesses who were chosen required payment of their expenses by their grudging constituents. The Constitution and all the circumstances of public and private life have since been fundamentally changed; and, among other modern innovations, members have been selected from a number of eager candidates for election. In the late debate no serious importance was attached to mediæval custom. It might be interesting to learn that in the time of HENRY VI. no borough in Lancashire could afford to send members to Parliament, but the House of Commons was not likely to indulge largely in antiquarian researches. A much more plausible argument in favour of payment of members was deduced from the personal merits of the special representatives of sections of the working class. Generous eulogy has, among other advantages, the merit of supplying a convenient subject for sympathetic eloquence. Mr. GLADSTONE was especially emphatic in his praise of Mr. BURT, Mr. FENWICK, and their colleagues. He "ventured to say that they were "less than any one the mere representatives of class, "and more than any one they were connected with the

"broadest interests of the country." He afterwards made a more accurate statement that "no class of the community "was more faithfully and exactly represented in the House "of Commons than were the vast body of labouring men "by the labour representatives." That the best representatives of a single class should be less than any one the mere representatives of class is a paradox which would border on impossibility if it were propounded or believed by any other member of the House. Mr. GLADSTONE probably deludes himself by the conviction that devotion to himself is the highest quality of a member of the House of Commons. The labour representatives, as they are called, vote exclusively in the interest of their constituents on all questions affecting their class. At other times they support every Radical measure, especially when it is countenanced by Mr. GLADSTONE. Old-fashioned dedications to royal and noble patrons furnish many similar specimens of inconsistent or contradictory adulation. Neither the obsolete practices which prevailed in the days of the Plantagenets, nor the superhuman virtues of half a dozen paid members, constitute a sufficient reason for a revolutionary change in the Constitution.

It is true that there are some plausible arguments for the payment of members, and that the practice has been widely adopted in Europe and America, and in some British Colonies. In almost every foreign community the arrangement is necessary in consequence of the non-existence of the class from which English members of Parliament have generally been drawn. Neither in the United States nor in many parts of the Continent of Europe could members of the Legislature afford to leave their usual occupations, unless they were provided with the means of subsistence at the public expense. There is no doubt that the liability of members to pay their own expenses tends to enable the "classes" or the frequenters of clubs to represent the masses as well as their own equals. It may be added that, with the recent and unsatisfactory exception of the French Republic, no legislative body exercises the functions which have, through the operation of complicated causes, devolved on the English Parliament. A Committee of its members administers all the powers of the Crown, and the House of Commons assumes an absolute control over all questions of domestic and foreign policy. The American House of Representatives is less powerful than either the President or the Senate. On many occasions of vital importance its resolutions have been overruled, to the enormous advantage of the country. The Lower House of Congress voted thanks to the officer who had insulted the English flag by the seizure of the Confederate delegates, and some years afterwards the same body voted by an overwhelming majority the practical repudiation of the National Debt. The Lower Houses of the Prussian and German Parliaments are held in check by the Crown, and it was in defiance of the Prussian Legislature that the late King organized the army which effected the establishment of the Empire. It is true that the American Senators are paid, for reasons which have already been stated. It may be added that the Senate is an executive as well as a legislative body, possessing and exercising a veto both on appointments to the higher class of offices and on all the diplomatic acts of the President. The Foreign Affairs Committee and the Senate in its collective capacity perform some of the most important duties which are elsewhere discharged by Foreign Ministers or Secretaries of State.

The objections to the payment of members are of the gravest character, but when addressed to a democratic audience they are neither plausible nor popular. Mr. COBB, a typical Radical of a certain kind, professed to hope that he would see in the House "250 or 300 members who in "daily life were accustomed to wear corduroys." He will, perhaps, not understand the expression of a doubt whether it is desirable that the House should contain 200 or 300 Mr. COBBS. It is true that he probably never dresses in corduroy; but if he were a mechanic of the humblest condition he could not be more incompetent to share in the government of a great country. It is a ridiculous affectation to pretend that the fitness of men for the highest offices bears an inverse proportion to their education, their associations, and their rank in life. Secretaries of Trades-Unions and leading members of great bodies of artisans are always above the average in ability, and they speak on matters within their special competence with acknowledged authority and weight; but notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's extravagant claims on their behalf they are primarily re-

representatives of a class; and, since their acquisition of political power, they have not yet learned to sympathize with Imperial traditions and interests. They show themselves on occasion indifferent to the greatness, the security, and the historical policy of England, and in domestic controversies they identify themselves with the most extreme advocates of democracy. When the payment of members is introduced, the character of the House of Commons will be fundamentally changed, and the respect which is still paid to a Parliamentary position will be in great measure withdrawn. The competitors for annuities of 300*l.* or 500*l.* a year will constitute a profession in which employment and promotion will depend on the SCHNADHORSTS or other manipulators of electioneering machinery. The smaller the salary the more numerous and the less trustworthy will the competitors for an humble competence become. It is perhaps a minor objection that corruption will be universally practised. The degradation of Parliament will be a still more fatal evil. As one member remarked in the debate, County Councillors will also be paid. The political energies of the whole population will be largely employed in a struggle for pecuniary advantage.

PARNELLISM AND COMMITTEES.

IT is difficult to believe that there can be two honest opinions among rational men as to the Parnellite demand for an inquiry by way of Parliamentary Committee into the charges against Parnellism. That this inquiry should be noisily demanded by both sections of the Gladstonian party is of course reasonable enough. They know that it is a nearly safe way of appearing to meet the awkward question why Mr. PARNELL takes no steps to clear his character, because it is very unlikely to be granted. They know that, if by some chance it was granted, it would be far easier to defeat investigation before it than before a court of law. And they know that, while any breakdown would be a triumph for themselves, the most complete and damning condemnation would be put aside by their own dupes as a mere fresh instance of the incurable partiality and unfairness of an English Parliament, just as the same dupes now swallow the supposed impossibility of a fair trial for Mr. PARNELL before a London jury. But that any one in his impartial senses should be for granting such an inquiry is, we repeat, inconceivable, or hardly conceivable. To begin with, the old answer, "the courts are open, and there are deputies," is complete. But there is much more than this. Suppose the House of Commons granted Mr. PARNELL's request, and suppose that the result of the inquiry was to bring home all, and more than all, that is charged against him. His loud and anxious defenders cannot poohpooh this supposition, for the granting of an inquiry presumes the possibility at least of either issue. But the House of Commons, though called a court, is a court with no ordinary criminal jurisdiction, and without the slightest traditional or statutory competence to act as a tribunal of first instance or instruction to any court which has criminal jurisdiction. It could not hang Mr. PARNELL if he were proved to deserve it, or inflict any penalty whatever on him except the Clock Tower or expulsion. If he were to be punished, as in the case supposed he would deserve, it would have to be done by an entirely new process. And there is more again than this. To admit the expediency of the House of Commons inquiring, or even its right to inquire, into charges against the character of its members, or into any offence committed by them otherwise than in their character of Parliament men, would be to grant at once the wish of those nuisances who desire to make it a tribunal for the investigation of the morals of its members. We must have a Committee to decide whether the member for Blacklegsham has or has not paid his last book up, whether the member for the Cyprus boroughs has or has not run away with his grandmother, and so forth. The offences attributed to Mr. PARNELL are, of course, far graver than these, and also more intimately connected with politics, though they are not, strictly speaking, political. But this does not affect the case. The House of Commons, save in one or two instances which certainly supply no temptation to revive the practice, has always regarded nothing but actual judicial decisions, and those only of a certain kind, against its members, unless those members have been charged with misconduct actually as members. It might be very well

justified, if Mr. PARNELL had been convicted of treason-felony or of being accessory to murder, in expelling him the House; it certainly ought not to take of its own motion any steps to convict him.

This is, or ought to be, so clear that the attempt to uphold the contrary view is itself a sign of the dire plight to which Separatists are reduced in this matter; nor are other proofs of the same thing wanting, the frantic abuse which has been poured on the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for simply doing his duty to his clients being the clearest of all. It is surprising that any one should sail so near to the wind and the very words of a famous story as to abuse an Attorney-General when there has already been declared to be no case; but it is all of a piece. Of a piece, too, is the repetition of the downright untruth that it was the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's doing that witnesses were not called; an untruth which reference to Lord COLERIDGE's remarks (and we presume it will not be said even by Gladstonians that Lord COLERIDGE is prejudiced against Gladstonianism in any of its forms) is sufficient to expose. Of a piece, again, is the affectation of believing that the speeches of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. MCCARTHY on Monday were in any sense "answers" in themselves. Mr. MCCARTHY's amiable attempt to clear somebody else, and at the same time declare his own virtuous inability to consort with unvirtue, amounted, as has been abundantly shown, to an attempt to explain an act attributed to one person by giving the reasons and nature of another act committed by another. For Mr. PARNELL's—except his denials, which are a matter of course—there is nothing in it at all. The too jocular and not sufficiently well memorized persons who "laughed till they cried" at the idea of Mr. PARNELL using certain expressions may, for aught we know, have cried till they laughed at being reminded that these precise expressions were in Mr. PARNELL's mouth on another and undisputed occasion. But for any one else the matter remained after the speeches exactly where it was before them. That is to say, a most formidable indictment—not vague or general, but particularized to the utmost extent—is brought against certain persons. If it is false, those persons must have the power of proving the falsity; if they do so, they can not only gain an immense political triumph, but almost any sum of hard money—a thing to which some of them have not previously seemed indifferent—as an additional solatium. Their accuser, so far from flinching, reiterates his charges in a fuller and more solemn form than ever. And still they obstinately refuse to take the only possible and the far from difficult way of establishing their innocence.

Of this conduct there are only two possible explanations—that they cannot, or that they will not, or both. On the first and third suppositions there is no more to say at present; on the second, something may perhaps be said. It must be remembered that the very reputation which they affect to repudiate is of immense value to the Parnellites. If it could be clearly proved that Mr. PARNELL and his followers have always held aloof in sincere horror and detestation from the ways of No. 1, the improvement in English opinion of them would be more than compensated by the drop in their Irish popularity. At the time of the publication of the famous document which is pronounced to be "forged" by some persons with an aplomb and apparent familiarity with forgery that is highly edifying, it was pointed out in more quarters than one that there was a third alternative between believing Mr. PARNELL to be wholly innocent and believing him to be wholly guilty, the alternative, that is to say, of supposing that he had to reckon, feign sympathy, and generally "transact" with, if not the actual agents of crimes like that of the Phoenix Park, at any rate with the much larger body of Irishmen who admire such crimes, and pray for and celebrate the criminals. A moment's thought will, of course, show that, if this charitable supposition had any basis, it would not be safe for Mr. PARNELL to prove himself innocent. The forward party in Ireland would soon (to use the phrase which, before it was shown to be already his, his good friends were so sure he never could have used) make it hot for him if he were to appear before them with a clean bill of health from a detested British judge and jury.

And, after all, what idle hypocrisy it is to exclaim at the mere idea of approval of this or that murder by men who belong to a party which works by murder and by nothing else! It so happened, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. GLADSTONE then being in an unregenerate frame of mind, that nobody in England palliated the Phoenix murder, as

some well-meaning people did the Manchester one. Accordingly, while Parnellites of the first rank, to this day, speak of ALLEN and his fellow-butchers as martyrs, they do not yet apply that term—aloud—to BRADY and KELLY, though LORD FREDERICK certainly “was in the way of” the brave little woman’s knives as distinctly as BRETT “was in the way of” the Manchester bullets. That any one of the persons implicated by the *Times* is guilty of the things charged against him, no one of course dare—no one ought to dare—to say. But the attempt to regard belief in their guilt as something impossible, save to frantic fanaticism or utter imbecility, is a practice on public silliness so audacious that no doubt it sometimes succeeds. All that can be said is this, that there is nothing intrinsically impossible in the charges; that they have been made and re-made in the most formal manner; and that the accused persons will not take the easy, the obvious, and the only usual means of justification. If they take the offered Commission of Judges they will hardly have bettered their chance; if they refuse it there can be only one opinion of their conduct.

THE NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY.

WHOEVER regards the weather and the flowers—not to speak of the crops—may well think that the promise of May has come to naught. Those “sweet in-fantas of the year,” the primroses, were favoured by the spring, but the summer, thus far, has brought the queenly roses anything but a good time. Considering all things, however, the National Rose Society did very well at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The cold and gloom were not worse than most of the weather of the last few weeks and a good deal preferable to much of it. Nothing certainly could be more unpropitious than recent conditions of atmosphere and temperature. It was not the rainfall that dashed the hopes of many, for roses suffer much more from drought than from abundant rain. The thunderstorms have done their worst in spoiling the summer of flowers, and were uncommonly severe in certain localities at the very opening of the exhibition season. In Crediton and other Devonshire towns the streets were transformed to rivers on Saturday. A “whole field of roses” at Torquay was ruined, says the *Western Morning News*, by hail on the previous Friday, and four or five hours after the storm the hailstones lay a foot deep at Babbacombe. The big hailstone is likely this year to beat the record of the big gooseberry. One monster, fresh caught and placed in some handy scales, weighed three and a half ounces. Such visitations cannot be reckoned among the florist’s friends. These adverse circumstances appear to have little affected the general excellence of the Crystal Palace show. Some prominent growers were not represented, and the competition in certain classes was not very keen; but old centres of cultivation like Colchester, Oxford, Hereford, Cheshunt, Slough, and Maidstone made a goodly show; while well-known amateurs of Gloucester, Evesham, Chester, Sittingbourne, Reigate, and other places were highly successful, the clergy being, as hitherto, prominent prize-takers. The Hybrid Perpetuals were perhaps up to the exhibition average, the Teas and Noisettes were altogether very fine. Of other kinds there were some interesting individual exhibits in certain classes, and not a little, indeed, that might have mollified a writer in the *Garden* of last week, who thinks that the H. P. roses are the spoiled children of the family. It was satisfactory to note the early profuse kinds—climbers, such as Ayrshire splendens—the old China and Bourbon roses, various examples of *Rosa polyantha*, with other pretty diminutives of the “button-hole” order; *Rosa rugosa*, with its fine elm-like foliage, moss roses and roses of such notable distinction as the “copper Austrian,” “Harrisonii,” and “Persian Yellow.”

There is some truth in the complaint of the writer in the *Garden* that the July exhibitions are unfavourable to the claims of many excellent roses. They undoubtedly cause the too exclusive cultivation of Hybrid Perpetuals and the neglect of many early Noisettes and “summer” roses, some of which are exceedingly beautiful and distinctive. At the same time, it is from the former that the bulk of exhibition roses are derived, and while there are exhibitions there must be exhibition roses. In an exhibition of cut roses none may compete with the splendour and variety of the Hybrid Perpetual class. A rose show in early June would, in our fickle climate, be of very uncertain

quality, though not without interest, and as for the contention that gardens devoted wholly to H.P.’s are roseless until July, it may be urged that this applies only to portions of the country. Of course, no garden worthy of the name should be without roses in June, and it is difficult to believe that there are such gardens, except in the Midlands and North. At the Crystal Palace it was not altogether proved that “one result of rose shows has been to induce generally the cultivation of a single class of roses.” If, however, the proposed early exhibition—say, in mid June—would tend to the better cultivation of all branches of the rose family, we are confident it would not lack the support of the National Rose Society. In one respect, at least, the Crystal Palace show differed not from its predecessors. It suggested the old question, What becomes of the new roses? Every year fair France produces them, and perfidious Albion consumes them, it would seem. The majority live their little exhibition life, and vanish with last autumn’s snows. For one “A. K. Williams” there are a dozen roses raised only to sink into the void. Pretty it is to see the permanence of old favourites. Roses should be “not royal in their smells alone, but in their hue.” Who cares for a scentless rose, or one of murky complexion? For such there is the dirty purple of “Sir Rowland Hill,” if, indeed, it be possible to describe the hue of that remarkable rose. Colour is not easily determined in flowers. Some people cannot see the “copper” in the well-known Austrian briar. It was a little odd, by the way, to find in a white rose competition at the Palace the faintly-flushed and incomparable “Merveille de Lyon” and the yet more decided blush of the renowned “Captain Christy.” In the “dark rose” class, again, “Prince Arthur” bore the bell from “Prince Camille de Rohan,” as who should say an Arab is duskier than an Æthiop. Hence we may learn that the best dark rose is not the darkest.

ZULULAND.

THE disturbances which have for some time past occurred in Zululand have now assumed the character of a native war. Lord KNUTSFORD’s statement in the House of Lords, though it was hopeful and to a certain extent satisfactory, left reasonable ground for anxiety; and newspaper Correspondents report that the gravity of the situation has hitherto been underrated. They add that the Zulus are flocking to DINIZULU’s camp from all parts of the country; and Lord KNUTSFORD admitted that white adventurers in undefined numbers have joined the rebels. Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK and General SMYTHE appear to be acting with vigour; but the movements of the Government force have hitherto been delayed by the necessity of waiting for the native contingent. Lord KNUTSFORD, though he was not in a position to give accurate details, estimated the number of DINIZULU’s army at four thousand men; but, if it is true that there is a national rising in his favour, the number of his followers may have rapidly increased. The English force consists of fifteen or sixteen hundred regulars, including three hundred cavalry, with a small park of artillery. There is also a body of native auxiliaries; and probably USIBEPU, notwithstanding his recent defeat, may be able to co-operate efficiently with the army which is advancing to his aid. It may be hoped that Lord KNUTSFORD’s confidence in the friendly or neutral attitude of the New Republic may be justified by its future conduct; but the white adventurers who support DINIZULU are probably Boers who have not yet acquired landed settlements. It can scarcely be thought desirable by the Governments of the Dutch Republics to facilitate the re-establishment of the formidable Zulu power. It is not yet known whether DINIZULU possesses military ability; but as the heir of CETWEAYO he may perhaps be able to restore some part of the military organization which was broken up as a result of the last Zulu war. He has already had some experience of the dealings of the Boer communities with native allies. The price of their services, if the common enterprise is successful, will be paid in land.

The English and Colonial Governments would be less exacting, but their vacillating policy has produced an impression that they are unable to protect their subjects and adherents. Lord KNUTSFORD attributes the present difficulties almost exclusively to the relaxation of the salutary fear which was formerly inspired by the British power. There seems to be no immediate cause of quarrel, except

that USIBEPU has long been engaged in a chronic but intermittent war with DINIZULU. When Zululand was after the war divided into thirteen petty kingdoms, USIBEPU was allowed to retain his own territory, partly because he was thought to be loyal, and also on account of the difficulty of controlling a remote province. CETEWAYO, after his restoration, came into early collision with USIBEPU, and perished in the course of the contest. DINIZULU, who was at that time too young to assert his claim, has ever since been employed in various attempts to recover his father's dominions. For this purpose he assented to the establishment of the New Republic, though it was provided with land at the expense of the Zulus. USIBEPU has, until lately, maintained his comparative independence; but fortune seems lately to have turned against him. If the rebellion is not put down with a strong hand, it may probably spread over the whole remaining territory of the Zulus. ISHINGANA, another chief of the Usutus, or adherents of DINIZULU, has lately made inroads into the country which is inhabited by loyal natives. It is satisfactory to learn that the police, with the aid of native levies and with the support of troops, stormed, at the beginning of July, the camp of ISHINGANA, and captured a thousand head of cattle. Until the Usutu chief had been defeated, it would not have been prudent to advance on Ceza, on the north-western frontier of Zululand, where DINIZULU and an uncle have taken up their position. A force of two thousand men, most of them regular troops, ought to be a match for three or four times their number of natives; but experience has shown the danger of underrating the prowess of one of the bravest races in the world. After making due allowance for the courage of DINIZULU's followers, Lord KNUTSFORD, acting, no doubt, on professional information, believes that success is reasonably secure.

There appears to be no difference of opinion as to the plan of operations. The enemy must be approached by the shortest road, and, if possible, his force must be dispersed. Lord KNUTSFORD had not been informed of the present position of the Imperial troops, but since the defeat of ISHINGANA they are probably advancing northward through a friendly or neutral country. Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK assures the SECRETARY OF STATE that the forces now in Zululand are sufficient for the restoration of order, unless unexpected complications arise. Lord KNUTSFORD, perhaps prematurely, anticipates the opportunity of treating with leniency most of the chiefs who have risen against us. When the victory is achieved, there will be little difficulty in deciding on the use which may be made of its results. It cannot be said that the first stage of the contest has been altogether creditable to the local authorities. A body of police, which attempted to execute a warrant against DINIZULU, was forced to retire, and, as Lord KNUTSFORD somewhat oddly observes, the retirement of the troops has been treated as if it were a defeat of the British arms. The interpretation of an unsuccessful attack, followed by a retreat, seems to be not altogether unreasonable. If the Governments of the South African and the New Republics offer no encouragement to the native insurgents, the readjustment of the balance between USIBEPU and DINIZULU ought to be soon accomplished, but the event will be expected with some impatience. For many years bad fortune has attended all military and political proceedings in South Africa. The constant failure has not been undeserved. Blunder upon blunder has produced its natural consequences. It was extravagantly unwise to destroy a Power which would, by its mere existence, have made the Dutch Republic dependent on English protection. When CETEWAYO's kingdom had been destroyed, he ought never to have been restored to a mutilated dominion. Sir HENRY BULWER, then Governor of Natal, in vain urged the Colonial Office to assume a protectorate over Zululand, or at least to include a large part of its territory in an English Reserve. The policy of the Imperial Government bore every appearance of weakness, and the unfortunate result explains the want of confidence which is all but universally felt. It was not until a belief had been entertained that the English Government was about to retire from the country that DINIZULU became a serious Pretender. The tardy and hesitating assumption of sovereignty over that part of Zululand which had not been annexed by the Boers failed to satisfy the natives that they could rely on the maintenance of English supremacy.

A victory over the most formidable native force which

has been collected in Zululand since the overthrow of CETEWAYO would give the Government once more a chance of retrieving its errors. The Zulus have habitually become peaceable subjects when they have been protected and controlled by Imperial authority, but uncivilized races respect power and resolution even more certainly than justice. The wretched capitulation of Majuba disturbed or destroyed the confidence which had previously been felt in the firmness of the Power which was up to that time dominant. But for that miserable episode there would probably not be at this moment another petty war in Africa. It has now become inevitable—for it would be impossible to abandon the sovereignty which was proclaimed only a few months ago. DINIZULU, though he has only engaged in hostilities with USIBEPU, claims by the same title all the dominions of his father, except, indeed, the territory which he has surrendered to the Boers. It is the duty of the English Government not only to protect a loyal feudatory, but to anticipate attacks which would otherwise certainly be made on the territory of the Crown. If Sir ARTHUR HAVELOCK proves to be mistaken in his belief that he has a sufficient force at his disposal, he must be reinforced to any extent which may prove to be necessary. The natives will cease to flock to the Pretender's standard as soon as they are satisfied that his cause is hopeless. They feel nothing of the sentimental loyalty which once animated Jacobites and other dynastic malcontents in Europe. When CETEWAYO's kingdom was broken up by his defeat, and by the capture of his person, the Zulus, according to the most authentic accounts, considered that the military organization which was the basis of the monarchy had ceased to exist. The followers of DINIZULU probably now suppose that another attempt will be made to found a warlike kingdom. They can only be undeceived by another decisive victory of the Imperial Government. It is perhaps not to be regretted that the Cape takes no part in the struggle. A divided authority might lead to disaster, and it is desirable that the Colonial Office and its agents should have absolute control over the policy which is to be pursued. Among the forces at the disposal of the Government Lord KNUTSFORD mentions the Basuto police; and perhaps other native tribes may be disposed to serve in the English ranks. The House of Lords listened in silence to Lord KNUTSFORD's brief enumeration of the facts. When the matter is mentioned in the other House there will probably be some difference of opinion as to the previous policy of the Government; but no serious politician will contend that DINIZULU ought to be allowed to reconquer the whole or part of his father's kingdom. Zululand is now a British possession, and a claimant under an anterior title is legally a rebel.

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS.

ONE gleam of sunshine in a watery world shone on the Gentlemen and Players' match. Not lightly will the visitors forget, they who were up on Tuesday afternoon, the deadly deeds of WOODS, and SMITH, and STEEL, nor has the old ground seen a closer thing since Mr. RIDLEY's match in '75. The light on Monday was extremely bad, a kind of twilight of the cricket gods, bad was the light, the ground seemed perilous, too, and ULYETT, who won the toss, preferred to send the Gentlemen to take their chance, and bide his own on an improving pitch. The Gentlemen seemed moderately strong, with DIXON, NEWHAM, ECCLES, not untried in county cricket, but new players here, with Mr. BOWDEN, and with Lord GEORGE SCOTT, for Mr. RASHLEIGH lingered in his tent, and Mr. COLLINS was not asked to play, or played not, asked; so "Round the Corner SMITH," WOODS from the wash of Australasian seas, and STEEL and GRACE were champions of the ball. With BRIGGS and LOHMANN, FLOWERS, and BARNES and PEEL, the Players had a goodly bowling team; yet much they owed to the uncertain pitch, much to the gallant SHERWIN at the stumps, who caught and stumped full many an amateur. Surrey did little for the Gentlemen. SHUTER got one, and BOWDEN got a "duck," and W. W. READ got only 6; and but for Gloucester's champion with 10 and NEWHAM with a plucky 26, there was no double figure in the score. The mildewed innings closed for 84! Then, 'midst "the useful trouble of the rain," which made the ball greasy and hard to hold, the wickets of the Players fell as falls within the garden of some wealthy man the tall white lily 'neath the mower's scythe. ABEL and GUNN, with two successive balls, fell to the art

of SMITH; but ULYETT smote the wet ball devious to the distant lists, and then was bowled by WOODS for 38. Save MAURICE READ and PEEL, the others fell inglorious, and they passed the century by seven poor runs, so good the bowling was—so good the bowling, or so bad the ground! Then, in a lurid and malignant light, through banks of cloud and shadow-streaks of rain, the Gentlemen again essayed to bat. There Mr. GRACE showed something like his form, and smote for 4, and yet again for 3; but Mr. SHUTER had King ARTHUR's fate, and perished by the bowler he had made, or, like the eagle, did the hero fall, struck by the arrow that himself had winged, for LOHMANN bowled him for a scant 17—a Surrey bat, the Surrey bowler bowled! NEWHAM and READ and STEEL and DIXON all passed, and made, scarce a run, and Lord GEORGE SCOTT—happier had he been smiting here and there the Border bowlers or the Galloway lads by Teviot or the grassy banks of Ken—succumbed to BARNES, and only Mr. WOODS knocked up the lucky number of 13.

The score had just attained the century, and easy, *certainly*, seemed the Players' task; but 70 runs divided them and 8 from all the laurelled victors of their line, CAFFYIN and PARR and BELDIAM, heroes old, LAMBERT and WALKER and the other bats, who often beat the Gentlemen at odds. So ABEL thought, and smote SMITH's earliest ball for 4 to leg (it was a rank full pitch), then cut and drove him for a brace of threes. But ULYETT to a goodly ball from WOODS (who bowled, of course, from the Pavilion end) fell scoreless; then there came a bye for 4, and ABEL smote SMITH to the boundaries. One wicket down for 28 looked ill, so Mr. STEEL went on to bowl for SMITH, and joy it was to see how well he bowled, perchance a little fleetier than of yore, because, no doubt, the ground was rather dead; nor did he venture—this was not the hour—on strange head-balls and magical, but kept a classic length with little change of pace. Then he and WOODS, each from the other's ball, caught GUNN and MAURICE READ; the mighty BARNES was l.b.w., and BRIGGS was caught from quite the gentlest of "returns" by STEEL. Then luncheon came—but 33 to get, and with five goodly wickets to go down, and ABEL, yet unvanquished at the stumps, the Players' task seemed easy! ABEL spooned a ball that proved a little inch too high for Mr. GRACE at point, then all his pride and all the goodly fortress of his balls was rattled down by WOODS. Then ATTEWELL and PEEL brought up the score to 71—but 7 runs to get, seven little runs; yet even at this dreadful moment STEEL, with judgment like an oracle of the gods, handed the ball again to Mr. SMITH. Oh, hope forlorn! oh, hoping against hope! But Mr. SMITH bowled ATTEWELL neck and crop among the thunderous plaudits of the ring, and WOODS, who seemed inspired, bowled Yorkshire's PEEL, and FLOWERS came in and had a piece of luck, so near the ball flew by the trembling bails! Then LOHMANN placed a manly leg before the wicket where he should have placed his bat. Last, SHERWIN came through tumult of applause, for all were well inclined to hearten him—SHERWIN the swift, who runneth in his pads fast as, or faster than, unpadded men! Nervous he seemed, but came not to the test, for with his second ball, a yorker, WOODS broke noisily through the timber-yard of FLOWERS. Never hath England seen a better match, and the remarks of Mr. LYTTLETON about the weakness of the Gentlemen in bowling seemed extremely premature. Such are the fortunes of the cricket-field in this unholy season, when the rain that falls not when the fisher prays for it hath deluged England, and, without the gods, had spoiled the match between the Public Schools.

THE STATE OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

NO one can be surprised that the House of Commons showed some little dismay at Mr. SMITH's proposals of last Tuesday with reference to public business. Its feelings may not unaptly be compared to those of a man who, believing his affairs to be in a thoroughly satisfactory state, is suddenly informed by his solicitor or his agent that he is threatened with pecuniary embarrassment, only to be averted by immediate and serious sacrifices. For it is undoubtedly the fact, as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL reminded the House, that up to Whitsuntide, and after those holidays, the condition of public business was extremely favourable. "Progress in many matters of importance had been made;

Supply was less in arrear than in former Sessions; there was a general concurrence of opinion on both sides of the House that the Government were to be complimented either on their good fortune or their skill in the conduct of public business up to that time." There would seem, therefore, to have been something wanting either to the skill or the good fortune of their subsequent conduct of it when we find them compelled to come to Parliament some six or seven weeks later with a proposal for such an extension of the Parliamentary labours of the year as has never before been demanded except in special circumstances not existing in the present case. This change in the aspect of the situation is the more disappointing because Ministers, it is only fair to admit, have met with no serious hindrances at the hands of their adversaries to the progress of their measures. The opposition offered to the Bill for providing the salary of the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland was, no doubt, a little factious; but it was not very protracted, and cannot be made responsible for any material loss of time. On the other hand, there have been fewer interruptions to legislative business by "interpellations" on matters of executive policy than in most previous years. Mr. MORLEY's inconsiderately provoked debate on the administration of the Crimes Act is the sole diversion of the kind which has occurred since the early days of the Session; and this is accountable only for a loss of two nights. As to the Local Government Bill itself, its movement through Committee has been no doubt somewhat slow and tedious; but it would be difficult to point to any provision of the measure which has been discussed at undue length, or to suggest—especially since the abandonment of the licensing clauses—any means by which its progress has been sensibly quickened. Yet, although it has been proceeded with most diligently and with such rare intermission that it has caused the business of Supply to get inconveniently into arrear, the House has not yet got through more than one-third of the Bill. And when some eighty or more clauses of a measure of this importance and complexity are still untouched in mid July, no one who has any acquaintance with Parliamentary procedure can doubt what is in store for us. The FIRST LORD of the TREASURY endeavoured to break the shock of an autumn Session by expressing the hope that so much progress might be made with public business during the next few weeks as to permit of a prorogation instead of an adjournment. But unless the legislative programme to which the Government are still adhering is to be further and more seriously abridged, Sir WILFRID LAWSON's Latin grammar will supply him with a very appropriate remark to address to them in the hexameter (for it is a hexameter): "*Ponite: spes sibi quisque, sed hæc quam angusta videtis.*" Unless all other measures but the Local Government Bill are incontinently dropped, and unless that Bill itself and the remaining votes in Supply are got through at a quite extraordinary rate of speed, the alternative lies between an autumn Session or the prolongation of the present sittings until past the end of September. The fear of shortened holidays, upon which Mr. SMITH is no doubt practising, will do much to quicken the movements of the House, but it cannot perform miracles, and it would be little less than a miracle to get through the Ministerial programme in any much shorter time than we have named.

We may take it for granted that to every one who is not either a mere Parliamentary busybody or a more than usually restless struggler for office the prospect of another reassembling of Parliament, from the beginning of November until the middle of the following month, presents itself as an almost unmixed evil. Mr. GLADSTONE did not overstate its injurious effect upon the ordinary departmental work of the autumn in preparation for the legislative labours of the next year; and its mischievous and unsettling influence over Executive policy is a matter upon which we can all judge for ourselves. Autumn Sessions, as has been pointed out in several quarters, have heretofore been held only in response to some extraordinary and unforeseen demand, such as that of a war or a financial crisis, on the energies of Parliament. It would be little short of calamitous to be compelled to resort to them as a regular means of overtaking the normal legislative business of the year. The mere prospect of such a thing is felt to be so formidable that both wings of the Separatist party are, of course, hastening to employ its terrors as an argument in favour of such extensive decentralization as would either virtually constitute or unmistakably pave the way for the establish-

ment of Home Rule. For the benefit, however, of any who are likely to be influenced by appeals of this kind, it is as well to recall an important circumstance of the present Parliamentary situation which, so far as we have noticed, has been completely overlooked. People who have been exclaiming in despair upon a legislative machine which cannot turn out even one "great measure" in the course of an ordinary Session appear to have forgotten that the great measure now in question has had in one notable respect a quite exceptional history. Ministers with a great measure to pass usually contrive to take its initial stages at earlier dates than have been assigned to the like steps in the progress of the Local Government Bill. If they do not manage to get the second reading before Easter, they are usually well into Committee before Whitsuntide. Now the Local Government Bill was only introduced on the eve of the Easter recess; its second reading was taken about midway between Easter and Whitsuntide, and when it got into Committee Midsummer was already drawing near. The Government may have good and sufficient reasons for their course of proceeding; on that, we express no opinion. But the fact of its adoption should, at any rate, be borne in mind as a corrective of any tendency to inconsiderate despair. The Bill, it will be seen, has not, after all, undergone so very prolonged a discussion on its details; the real cause of its backwardness is that that discussion began unduly late. There is, therefore, no excuse for jumping to the conclusion that the Parliamentary machine is labouring more than ever, and that we must abandon the hope of passing our one "great measure" within the normal limits of a Parliamentary Session.

But there is another and even more effective topic of consolation to which we should like to direct these unquiet minds. How about the "one great measure" itself and the supposed necessity for its annual production? "We hope," said Mr. SMITH, the other night, with that simplicity which produces the effect, if it does not partake of the nature, of grave irony, "we hope it will not be necessary to introduce Local Government Bills every Session." We hope so too, and we will add that, if Bills of these dimensions are to be brought forward every Session, the Government will have to make up their minds to have nothing to do with any measure of a more unpretentious kind. For, after all that has been said about the backward state of Supply and of the Local Government Bill, it has to be observed that if there were no other business before Parliament it would still be possible, by a little extra pressure of work, to avoid an autumn Session. What makes that misfortune inevitable is the resolve of the Government to pass their great measure and their little ones too. They are going to reassemble Parliament in November to pass what Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL calls measures of "minor importance," among which he includes the Railway Rates Bill, the Tithes Bill, the Criminal Evidence Bill, and other measures which, at any rate, deal with real mischiefs or defects of the law, and are not simply democratic experiments taken up by Conservative Governments on the fatalistic principle that they are "bound to come." As to the Irish Drainage Bills, they are not thought worthy even of being reserved for an autumn Session. It will depend on the character of their treatment by the Parnellites whether they will be proceeded with during the next few weeks or dropped altogether. We cannot blame the Government for thus attempting to combine the useful with the ornamental in making up their legislative record for the year. All we propose to do is to register a respectful protest against their action on the present occasion being drawn into a precedent. We are very decidedly of opinion that, as it is not possible this year, so it seldom, if ever, will be possible for Governments to combine the useful and the ornamental on so elaborate a scale in legislation without being driven into constant recourse to autumn Sessions. Now this prospect we presume to be intolerable to all sensible Englishmen; and, if it is not to be perpetually realized, one of two alternatives must be faced. The Government must either devote themselves every Session wholly to their one piece of showy legislation, cut as near the Radical fashion as they can induce their followers to permit, or they must retire from the "dishing" business altogether, and occupy themselves exclusively with introducing those "minor" changes in the law which, besides being changes, happen also to be improvements. We can hardly think that they will hesitate in their choice.

THE PARADISE OF WOMEN.

ACCORDING to Miss JESSIE SAXBY, a correspondent of the *Scotsman*, Canada is the paradise of women. There are too many women in England; too many men, too, but not enough in quantity, nor good enough in quality for the women. It is the west of Canada, naturally, that is the paradise truly required. In Quebec and Montreal wages do not seem exorbitantly high. That rare article, a trained cook, only gets some thirty pounds a year in Quebec and Montreal. In the wilder and more liberal West a good cook may get about 100*l.* a year, not at all too much if she is really a good cook, but more than she obtains in England. Moreover, the heavy work is done, and very properly, by men. Men scrub the floors, and are hewers of wood and carriers of water, and churn and milk the cows. Servants in the west of Canada become members of the family in farmhouses as in Old England. Best of all, a woman in the West can choose her mate from "Britons of larger body and larger heart than those at home." Home-dwelling Britons, at least in large towns, are notoriously degenerate and shambling creatures. Pity being akin to love, and nobody else coming forward, woman puts up with the existing race; but she will find, in Canada, affectionate sons of ANAK. They are all most anxious to get married, whereas the Briton of this country rather inclines to defer that crisis in his existence, after which the road (according to America's adopted moralist) lies "dusty, and long, and straight to the grave." The "Titans of the West" have no such hesitation and forebodings. England is advised to send "thousands of her rosebud girls to soften and sweeten life in the Wild West." It is not so much educated girls that are wanted, not our pale, etiolated, anemone girls, but our rosebuds, best quality; education being rather a drawback than otherwise. The pale prodigies of Girton and Lady Margaret's (if they are pale) would not suit the Titans of the West, and perhaps each would think herself mated with a clown. That is just possible. There must be some drawback to the most glorious lot in life. We would not for a moment discourage the transplantation of hardy rosebud girls; but they must remember that the climate of the Wild West has the wild blizzard among its fauna; that the cold, though healthy, is extreme; that they will have to rough it a good deal if they go in an emigrant vessel; and that in the Paradise of Women they will find hard work as well as good food and Titanic husbands—who, we trust, do not, like the elder Titans, devour their children. People who encourage female emigration to Canada deserve all praise, but they should beware of painting the prospects of the rosebuds too roseate. Disappointment is certain to come of that, even in a country where "there seems about one woman to every fifty men." In the original Paradise there was only one woman to one man, and philosophers have held that she was one too many. On the other hand, the Canadian proportions are exaggerated in the opposite direction. Each woman must be a queen till she is married to a Titan; but after that her estate will be a good deal more homely and less regal. The condition of affairs appears likely to encourage flirtation rather than marriage. At the very best, a wise virgin will be in no hurry to make up her mind, and this may just possibly lead to difficulties among the Titans.

A LESSON TO MAGISTRATES.

THE acquittal of police-constable GEORGE RUSSELL, on his second trial at the Old Bailey, is most satisfactory to the respectable portion of the public, and especially to law-abiding Londoners. Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, the witnesses for the Crown, and the professional assailants of police will be less gratified by a result which, while vindicating the force, casts serious discredit upon them. The RECORDER, who tried the case, and who has been engaged in the administration of criminal justice for more than thirty years, observed after the verdict that he had never in the whole course of his experience known so many falsehoods told against a prisoner. This is a very serious matter, as Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS felt, for he intimated an opinion that there was one witness who should not be allowed to go scot free. A series of indictments arising out of a single transaction ought not, in ordinary circumstances, to be encouraged. It is most undesirable to realize in this country the ideal of the litigious Hindoo, who con-

siders it the proper order of things that every civil action should be followed by a prosecution for perjury, and every prosecution for perjury by an action for malicious prosecution. But, on the other hand, the Home Office and the Treasury have to recognize and take account of the fact that there exists something very like an organized conspiracy against the Metropolitan Police. Ever since the conviction of a notorious person three years, or nearly three years, ago for the crime of indecent assault, not only the authorities of Scotland Yard, but the humblest constable against whom a plausible, or even a presentable, charge can be trumped up, have been made the victim of malicious attacks and of more malignant insinuations. In the quarters where RUSSELL was most bitterly assailed after he had been unfairly censured by Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS a discreet silence is now observed, though a humble apology is the least reparation which could be paid to the unfortunate victim of calumny. Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, who occupies a responsible position, and is by education a gentleman, might have been expected to withdraw his unfounded charges as publicly and as unreservedly as he made them. That the original conflict of assertion was perplexing may be inferred from the disagreement of the first jury, before whom RUSSELL was brought, and Mr. WILLIAMS is, therefore, not to be blamed for discharging the BAKERS. He was bound to give them the benefit of the doubt, and by simply doing so he would not necessarily have implied that the conduct of the police was open to censure. Neither police nor magistrates can be reproached for fallibility.

But, as we had occasion to point out on the conclusion of RUSSELL's first trial, Mr. WILLIAMS felt no qualms, or at least showed no hesitation. He made straight for the police, like a rioter from Trafalgar Square, sparing nobody, from the constable who very properly made the arrest to the inspector who as properly took the charge. He declared that he did not believe them on their oaths, he treated the defendants as most respectable and ill-used people, and he swallowed all the details of a cock-and-bull story about the brutal behaviour of the men on duty at the police station. This alleged violence was made the subject of a separate indictment. But, as the jury had already shown they disbelieved the whole of the evidence on which Mr. WILLIAMS so rashly relied, Mr. MEAD, on behalf of the Crown, naturally declined to go on. The Government were, however, quite right to prosecute, and to put RUSSELL a second time on his trial, even at some cost to the taxpayer. The money has been well spent in clearing not only RUSSELL, but also several of his comrades, from groundless and wanton aspersions. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the lies told at the Wandsworth Police Court and deliberately repeated at the Old Bailey. The only interest of what would otherwise have been merely a common street brawl lay in the opportunity which Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS thought it gave him to run amuck at the police. Mr. WILLIAMS has happily been since transferred from Wandsworth to another district, where it may be hoped that he will be more cautious and less ready to countenance the efforts of the anti-police party. It is right that a police magistrate should be independent of the police, and that he should scrutinize their testimony with as much care as if they were private citizens. But, on the other hand, a fixed idea that the police will commit perjury whenever they get a chance is a dangerous prepossession to find a place on the bench of justice. It is to be observed that, while all the constables who knew anything of the matter were called at the Old Bailey, except the defendant, whose mouth was closed, they were supported by perfectly independent persons, who had no object in coming forward except to speak the truth. The RECORDER emphatically told RUSSELL that his conduct had been absolutely free from reproach, and that, as the phrase goes, he left the Court without a stain upon his character. Such is the result of perhaps the most sustained and elaborate attempt to ruin a policeman since 1885. From it any reasonable man may judge what importance he should attach to the remainder.

Bad though it is, the hardship inflicted upon RUSSELL personally is the least serious part of the matter. Mr. MATTHEWS has already availed himself of an opportunity to transfer Mr. WILLIAMS to another police division. It may therefore be hoped that at Wandsworth matters may go on harmoniously, and that the police of the district may be saved from the total disorganization which must have ensued from RUSSELL's return to his post under the same

magistrate. But what about Worship Street? There is a good deal of fellow-feeling through all divisions of the Metropolitan District, and there is not a constable or an officer in the Worship Street division this week who does not heartily rejoice at the vindication of RUSSELL's character. Mr. WILLIAMS is transferred to Worship Street from Wandsworth. Is it likely that during his tenure of office there the police of the division will be zealous in the discharge of their duty when they know that the magistrate will have to depend solely or chiefly on their evidence if they make an arrest? The worst of it is that RUSSELL's case was not an exceptional occurrence. When Mr. WILLIAMS was transferred from Greenwich to Wandsworth an appeal was pending from a conviction by him of constables who were clearly proved by a score of independent witnesses at the Kent Quarter Sessions to have done nothing but interfere to save a woman, at her own urgent request, from a brutal assault by her husband. Mr. WILLIAMS, though the constables had been known for years in the district as men of perfect respectability, had actually convicted them of assault on the unsupported evidence of this man and woman. The Metropolitan district is not unlimited, and Mr. WILLIAMS cannot go on being transferred for ever. A police magistrate who is continually making attacks on his own police and constantly coming to grief in them is an impossibility, and Mr. WILLIAMS must either amend his ways, abate his prejudices, and endeavour to forget the "gallery," or be transferred in another sense.

THE LIFE PEERS BILL.

IT may be that we shall never know the nature of Mr. GLADSTONE's objections to the two Bills introduced by the Government with reference to the constitution of the House of Lords. That they are of a serious character we can safely guess. Every objection taken by Mr. GLADSTONE to anything is represented by him, and for the moment appears to him, to raise questions of deeper gravity than he has ever submitted to the notice of Parliament during, "what I regret to say, is now a somewhat protracted term of Parliamentary life." We may draw the same conclusion, too, from the solemnity of his request that Mr. SMITH would pledge himself to include this measure in the list of those which are not to be proceeded with this Session. He does not, however, as we understand him, take exception to both Bills. We gather from his language that it is not the proposal to create five life peers every year which seems to him to resemble the hand of SAMSON laid on the pillars of the Constitution; it is the project embodied in the Discontinuance of Writs Bill, with its provision for relieving certain members of the House of Peers for certain definite reasons from attendance in that Chamber. We quite admit that the expediency of this proposal is open to argument from various points of view, constitutional and other, and it would have been doubtless most interesting to have been favoured with Mr. GLADSTONE's criticisms upon it. As regards the Life Peers Bill, his opinion appears to be that entertained by most other people of less experience and eminence. We take him to have been referring to this Bill and to the possibility of its being proceeded with by itself when he spoke of "grappling with a subject which would thus be reduced to dimensions unnaturally small, so as to be frivolous in their nature or character." This description is open to improvement from the point of view of literary form; but its meaning is clear, and it accords generally with that current on both sides of the House of Lords, and, we may venture to add, without much hesitation, everywhere else. The Life Peers Bill is a very small measure indeed, and though it is, in our opinion, none the worse for that, it is, on the other hand, none the better for having the air of a much larger project of law than it is. We confess to being in substantial agreement with that series of peers who, from either side of the House, the other night took exception to that system of "categories" which is the chief peculiarity of the Bill. The desire to "complete his collection" is always a snare to the collector, and the attempt to convert the House of Lords into a museum possessing a valuable specimen of every variety of genius and virtue which the country yields is, we think, an injudicious concession to the House of Lords' reformer of the modern fantastic type. No doubt it is desirable that the rights of the Crown in the creation of life

peers should be declared, regularized, and to a certain extent limited; but this might have been done in a Bill of a couple of clauses, making no pretence to be a measure of reform at all. We have no doubt that an opportunity of substituting a measure of this kind will soon present itself, and we therefore cannot very acutely regret the loss of the present Bill. As to the Discontinuance of Writs Bill, the mischief with which it essayed to deal is no doubt one deserving the attention of the legislator; but we cannot affect to be convinced that the best way of dealing with it has yet been hit upon, and we certainly think it possible that the Ministerial treatment of the subject may gain by further consideration.

It is perhaps allowable to infer from Mr. SMITH's somewhat too accommodating abandonment of measures at that moment under discussion in the other House that the two Bills in question did not occupy a place of any very commanding importance in the estimation of the Cabinet. No doubt it might have been better, as adverse critics of the incident have suggested, that the leader of one House should not consent to destroy legislative children which are at that moment receiving the maternal attention of the leader of the other; but the implied want of concert between the Ministerial chiefs relates, after all, to an infinitesimally small matter. We leave it to the Gladstonian peers to say whether the incident of last Thursday night in the House of Lords was a case of too little concert or too much. Whatever explanation they give of it, a more comic exhibition of Separatist weakness and discomfiture has never been witnessed. Its result is that the House of Lords has, in the presence not only of the official Liberal Opposition, but of its militant or stumping section, in the presence of itinerant assailants of the Crimes Act like Lords SPENCER and ROSEBURY, declared, *nemine contradicente*, that in its opinion HER MAJESTY'S Government "deserve the support of Parliament in their Irish policy." It is a great thing, no doubt, to have secured the assent of the entire Gladstonian party in the Upper House to the proposition; but their adherence to it is an agreeable surprise.

LATRIGG.

MR. JAMES BRYCE may perhaps be partially consoled for the probable loss of his Access to Mountains Bill by the settlement effected at the Cumberland Assizes in the case of SPEDDING v. FITZPATRICK and others. This is said to be the first time in English history when the right of climbing a hill has been recognized in a court of law. The amicable settlement at which the parties to the action ultimately arrived, and which redounds to the credit of the plaintiff, saved the judge from the necessity of deciding the question of law. But the settlement, which involved mutual concessions with regard to costs, would not have been agreed to if the defendants had been unable to convince the learned counsel on the other side that they had, at least, a colourable claim. Latrigg, as visitors to the English Lakes are aware, stands in the immediate neighbourhood of Keswick. It forms part of the famous view from Greta Hall, the well-known residence of ROBERT SOUTHEY. The tourist who stands upon Greta Bridge has Skiddaw on his left and Latrigg on his right. Latrigg, famous for its larch plantations, and familiarly known as "Skiddaw's Cub," has long been a subject of dispute, now happily terminated, between the owners of the Greta Bank Estate and the people of the neighbourhood. The facts are chiefly remarkable as illustrating the curious change of opinion in the matter of open spaces which the public mind has undergone during the last three-quarters of a century. The Greta Bank Estate, of which the plaintiff in the recent action, is present owner, belonged in the year 1815 to a certain Mr. CALVERT. The adjacent common of Brunholme was at that time assigned to him by one of those enclosure awards which our ancestors thought themselves such very progressive people for making. Mr. CALVERT had no sooner come into the property than he began to make roads, among them a zigzag road which runs to the summit of Latrigg. In 1833 the Greta Bank Estate came into the hands of the SPEDDING family; and in 1855, when the public were still very lukewarm about rights of way where only scenery was concerned, the owner seems to have successfully asserted her claim to prevent people from going up Latrigg without leave. The question then slept

for more than thirty years, until, in 1886, it was revived by Mr. RAWNSLEY, the Vicar of Crosthwaite, Mr. HENRY JENKINSON, author of a "Practical Guide" to the Lakes, and other members of the Keswick Footpath Preservation Association. These gentlemen, who have certainly fought the battle with great spirit and perseverance, took the proper steps to bring the case before the Court. They forced their way through the tarred gates, chain barriers, and other impediments put up by the owner, leaving her to bring an action of trespass, which she accordingly did.

Perhaps it was not necessary to collect a crowd of fifteen hundred persons, or to secure the services of Mr. PLIMSOLL, who made an appropriate speech. Possibly the defendants' case would not have been materially weakened if Mr. JENKINSON had abstained from "coming down among the trees," and claiming in a fit of enthusiasm to "go wherever there was a view." There is sometimes a very good view from the site of a private garden, and a still better one from the top of a private house. But even Mr. JENKINSON would probably not assert his right to inspect the beauties of nature upon either the lawn or the roof. We must, however, make allowance for æsthetic zeal, especially now that both sides have shaken hands in an amicable manner. To Mr. Justice GRANTHAM is due the credit of having suggested a compromise, based on the facts, which came out in the course of the trial, that one road was not wanted by the public, and another road was not valued by the owner. A continuation of Spooney Green Lane will serve the purposes of the tourist, while the constant use of Terrace Road would destroy the privacy and impair the amenities of Miss SPEDDING's residence. It is always a pity when the assertion of popular claims involves annoyance to individuals, and nobody can say that Miss SPEDDING has not done her best to please her neighbours without actually destroying her own quiet and comfort. Mr. JENKINSON is, as we have seen, a descriptive writer, and Mr. RAWNSLEY is, we believe, a poet. They are disposed to look with a romantic eye upon legal points, and to forget that a good deal has happened since the world was made to restrict the roving privileges of its inhabitants. Unless we adopt the principle that all property is robbery, we cannot lay down, without exceptions, the rule that anybody may go anywhere where there is a view. On the other hand, it does seem hard and unreasonable that any one of sound wind and limb should be prevented from climbing any hill in the Lake District which is worth climbing with a legitimate object. Moreover, the defendants derived much support from the testimony of Mr. CALVERT's surviving daughter, who deposed that her father had made the road for the benefit of the public, and had only been prevented from formally dedicating it to their use by "the fatal habit of procrastination." Hundreds of residents and tourists ought not to suffer inconvenience for ever because old Mr. CALVERT, who grew corn up a zigzag path in Cumberland seventy years ago, practised the rule of never doing to-day what can possibly be put off till to-morrow. If all Scotch lairds would act in the generous and prudent spirit of Miss SPEDDING, Mr. BRYCE's Bill would not again be read a second time in the House of Commons without a division, even if the LORD-ADVOCATE did happen to be dining.

THE OFFER TO MR. PARNELL.

WE cannot pretend to be enamoured of the proposal which the Government have just made to Mr. PARNELL in connexion with the charges preferred against him by the *Times*. Exception may be taken, we think, both to the fact of the offer itself and to its terms. We have some difficulty in understanding why any concession of the kind need have been made to one who, so far as we can see, possesses no sort of claim to it; and, at the same time, we cannot but feel that the particular concession which has been made is one of a doubtfully expedient kind. On the former point Mr. SMITH's own language may fairly be cited in justification of our perplexity. The Government, he avowed, are still of opinion that the proper course for Mr. PARNELL and his friends is to appeal to a law court; but he adds that, "if for reasons of their own they are unwilling to avail themselves of their right to do so," then the Government are prepared to offer them the alternative of a special tribunal. We fail to understand what "reasons of a man's own"—what reasons which he cannot explain, and give at least a

plausible account of to other people, should compel or even, we may say, entitle a Government to supersede the ordinary tribunals of the country, and constitute a special Court *ad hoc* for the entertainment of and adjudication upon his case. In the next place, we are inclined to doubt the propriety of employing the judiciary for purposes of this kind. English judges have, as is very well known, a confirmed objection to being taken away from Courts of recognized and long settled procedure, and put to conduct experimental inquiries of this kind; and their objection is not to be hastily set down to the mere conservatism of their order. It is founded on the eminently reasonable opinion that questions gravely affecting the interests of persons should be heard and determined with all those securities against a miscarriage of justice which a long-established and carefully-perfected system of procedure provides, and that such securities cannot possibly exist in a Court which owes its existence to a hurriedly-passed Act of Parliament. No doubt these judicial objections can be, and will be, overruled; but, in so far as they exist, they will tend to make the Commission a Court of more or less unwilling judges, who doubt the propriety of the work on which they are engaged, and question the sufficiency of their powers for performing it. And, whatever else a tribunal of that kind may do, it is likely, from sheer desire of self-protection, to restrict, as far as the letter of the Commission will permit it to do so, the limits of its inquiry.

This said, however, it is only right to admit that, from the political—by which we do not mean the party—point of view, there is much to be said for the course which the Government have taken. It is undoubtedly a matter of the highest public concern that the charges against Mr. PARNELL should be judicially investigated. It is quite evident, and has been so ever since last year, that nothing will induce Mr. PARNELL to take the ordinary steps for procuring such an investigation; and it is certain that, though his excuse for not doing so is regretted by every Englishman not prepared indefinitely and indiscriminately to blacken the character of Englishmen to please a people whose strongest feeling towards them—to quote Mr. SEXTON—is the “passion of ‘hate,’” it would, nevertheless, have been iterated and reiterated till, as in so many other cases, the minds of the unthinking had got saturated with it through their ears. Under all which circumstances it was undoubtedly desirable, if it were possible, to make a proposal which would cut Mr. PARNELL’s solitary excuse for inaction from under his feet, and for ever silence those unworthy Englishmen who were accustomed to repeat the Parnellite calumnies against English justice and fair play. This condition the offer made by the Government does undoubtedly fulfil. It has been at once and unreservedly accepted—though not, of course, without a natural protest against its implied assumption of Mr. PARNELL’s special claim to indulgence—by the *Times*; and it is impossible for Mr. PARNELL himself to reject it without absolute moral ruin. No quibbling about the terms of reference could possibly serve his turn. It would be too transparent under the circumstances. Every one must have felt when the offer was made that Mr. PARNELL must either accept it or for ever after hold his peace.

GRENOBLE AND THE “JOURNÉE DES TUILLES.”

THE first-fruits of the inevitable centennial celebrations commemorative of the French Revolution have already been reaped. To let the anniversary of the “Journée des Tuiles” pass without a demonstration was a thing impossible to Republican France. An insignificant *émeute* in a remote provincial town has become famous in history from its results. It was the beginning of that great revolutionary movement which not only overthrew the French dynasty, but spread war and all the miseries it carries in its train over the face of Europe. Grenoble, which first set the ball rolling, the Roman Gratianopolis, the capital of the Dauphins, is the most beautifully situated town in France. It lies in the heart of the Alps of Dauphiné. A noble river, the Isère, rolls a great volume of water through its midst. Fantastic mountain peaks tower skyward at the end of every street. The encircling heights of Mont Rochais are crowned with forts, ramparts, and bastions that recall those of Genoa. Grenoble is one of the most strongly fortified, as well as one of the most picturesque, cities in Europe. And the scenery by which it is surrounded offers to the eye a variety of charms that it would be hard to rival in any other mountain district. Outside the walls of the town lies the great plain of Graisivaudan. It is a vast tract of fertile country, encircled by a screen of mountains. The lower slopes of

these protecting giants are carpeted with vines and verdure. Above these tower lofty peaks whose snow-capped summits seem to pierce the sky.

A special interest attaches to the province of which Grenoble is the capital from the circumstance that it gave a title to the heir to the throne. How the Counts of Vienno came to be called Dauphins or Dauphins is a matter of some uncertainty. The Dolphin first appears in the arms and on the seal of the Counts under Guy VII., who flourished in the middle of the thirteenth century. Humbert, the last of his race, decreed that the Dolphin should be the seal of the Sovereign Council which he established at Grenoble. Thus the Dolphin became the badge of the Parliament into which the Council was erected by Louis XI. From this title of the Counts their territory, which covered the greater part of the ancient kingdom of Burgundy, got the name of Dauphiné. In the middle of the fourteenth century this province passed into the possession of the kings of France. It was one of the acquisitions by which Philip of Valois may be said to have condoned the disasters of his reign. An accident gave him the chance, which he was quick to make the most of. Humbert, the reigning Dauphin, let his only child, a baby not yet two years old, fall over a window at which he was playing with it. He was the last of his race. His character was strangely inconsistent. Ambitious of being king himself, he ended by making over the sovereignty of his States to another. In 1343 he signed the treaty which gave Dauphiné to France. By this treaty he made Charles, the grandson of Philip, his heir, on condition that he should take the title of Dauphin. The price paid for this inheritance was 120,000 golden florins. This money Humbert devoted to carrying out some of the eccentric projects with which his brain was always busy. One of the most rational of these was to fit out an expedition for the conquest of the Canary Isles, which had just been discovered. A few years later he became disgusted with the world, resolved to join the Dominicans, and abdicated in favour of Charles. In the convent of the Preaching Friars at Lyons the new Dauphin was invested with all the honours, rights, and lands of which Humbert divested himself. He handed to his successor the ancient sword and the banner of St. George, the sceptre and the ring which were the insignia of the duchy, on the condition that Charles should bear the title and govern the States of the Dauphin of Vienno. The next day Humbert took the frock. For fear he should change his mind and try to resume his worldly dignities, he was induced to take orders which, by a special Papal dispensation, accorded to please the Court of France, were conferred upon him in one day. Sub-deacon at the first, he was deacon at the second, full-blown priest at the third Mass, and in a week later was Latin Patriarch of Alexandria. Before bidding the world farewell, Humbert granted many privileges to his subjects. Thanks to him, this province formed an exception to the miserable state to which the provinces of France were reduced before the Revolution. Dauphiné was not incorporated with France till the fall of the old order of things. Here the King bore rule only because he was the Dauphin. All his edicts and ordinances were promulgated in the name of the “King Dauphin.” But for the cession of Humbert French history would have missed one of the finest figures that adorn its page. The French could not have boasted of the possession of the flower of chivalry, the “chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.” His arms might perhaps have been turned against the King of France instead of fighting for him. Pierre du Terrail was born at the château of Bayard in the plain of Graisivaudan, not far from Grenoble. By his own request he was buried in one of the churches of the town, where his equestrian statue is one of the most conspicuous monuments. It was chance which brought this hero into the service of the French monarch. He was not yet thirteen when his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, placed him as page at the Court of Duke Charles of Savoy. This prince took the young Bayard in his train when he went to meet the King of France at Lyons. Here the future hero changed masters, and was handed over to the French service to gratify a caprice of the King, who begged the agile page from his visitor. Placed in the company of De Ligny, he won his spurs in the campaign of Italy, where he seized the standard of the enemy and presented it to the King on the field of battle. Under three successive sovereigns Bayard won laurels for France at home and abroad. In Spain his prowess made the Spaniards cross themselves whenever they encountered him, thinking they had to do with the devil. Francis I. thought it an honour to be knighted by his sword, and when he came to Paris he was received by a deputation of the Parliament—an honour hitherto reserved for princes of the blood royal only. His luck kept pace with his valour, and never left him till the day when death found him on the field of battle.

From the union of the crowns Dauphiné bore its full share of the troubles which distracted the larger State with which its lot was now cast. It suffered much from religious persecution, the wars of the Ligue, and the tyranny of the renegade Lesdiguières. But the memory of its ancient liberties was not yet dead. Therefore the royal edict of 1788 suspending the provincial Parliaments was met by a more vigorous and determined protest than in the other provinces. The Governor by *lettres de cachet* sentenced to exile the leading members of the Parliament. This provoked an insurrection. The tocsin rang from the belfries of Grenoble and all the country round. The villagers hastened to the help of the townsfolk. The two regiments which formed the garrison were ordered out to put down the tumult by force of arms. But the soldiers hardly made a show of fighting, and gave way before the cloud of tiles which came down

upon them from the house-tops. These missiles gave its name to this famous *journée des tuiles*. The mob then put up barricades, stormed the hotel of the Governor, the Duke of Clermont-Tonnerre, and threatened him with death if he did not himself invite the Parliament to reassemble. It seems like a shadow cast before of the terrible days when the cry of "*À la lanterne!*" had such a fearful meaning, for the mob proposed to hang him to the chandelier of his own drawing-room if he did not yield to their demands. Truth to tell, the Parliament was more dismayed than pleased with such a victory, and exerted themselves to appease their defenders and to restore order. Two days later they dissolved themselves, and quietly went into the exile to which the *lettres de cachet* had consigned them. When the town was thus deserted by the magistrates, the municipality convoked the notables of the province to deliberate on future measures. They resolved to summon the three Orders of the States of Dauphiné. Meanwhile three deputies from the *noblesse* went to Versailles to remonstrate with the Government. The only result was that the Governor was withdrawn as too lenient, and the Maréchal de Vaux sent to succeed him, with orders not to allow the proposed meeting to take place. He found the tide of popular feeling so strong that he was obliged to yield.

The Council of the three Orders were to meet at Vizille, a few miles south of Grenoble. Vizille had been the lair of the ferocious Lesdiguières, that "old fox of Dauphiné," as the Duke of Savoy called him. The magnificent château was a monument of his tyranny and of that system of forced labour against which the nation was clamouring. It was the result of twelve years of *corvées*. "Come or burn" was the laconic message Lesdiguières sent round to the communes. As he was known to be a man of his word, none dared disobey this summons. This château was rebuilt on so grand a scale that when Louis Treize came to visit there it could accommodate the whole Court, a strong garrison, and munitions of war for an army of 10,000 men. Here the granddaughter of the "Old Fox" had been entertained with great state on her marriage with the Comte de Sault. A company of one hundred men dressed up as savages formed a special feature of the fêtes, and gave great delight to all observers. But the walls no longer resounded to the clang of arms or the shouts of revellers, for the château was bought by M. Perrier in 1775. He turned it into a manufactory, and it was now filled with artisans following the peaceful occupation of printing calico. The deputies set out from Grenoble by night. An escort of troops went with them. Whether the soldiers were to protect or overawe them might be a disputed point. Unwittingly rehearsing the proceedings of the States-General a year later, the States met in the tennis-court of the château. They numbered about four hundred, of which the *noblesse* and the clergy formed more than half. The sitting lasted sixteen hours. Of all the strange sights these walls had seen, none was more striking than the dispersal of the Assembly. They had begun their sitting at eight in the morning. It was two o'clock on the following morning when it ended. Near midsummer though it was, the dawn was not yet breaking when the deputies came out into the courtyard of the château. It was lit up by torches whose flaring flames threw out in high relief the turrets and battlements of the grim old walls, and illuminated the anxious faces of the waiting crowd who were eagerly expecting the result of the deliberation. A vehement remonstrance had been drawn up, addressed to the King, protesting in energetic language against the invasion of the liberties of the province. In the name of the three Orders, it summoned a formal meeting of the States of Dauphiné for the 1st of September. The Governor was determined to prevent this meeting. As the day drew near all the *noblesse* of the province gathered at Grenoble. The crisis was averted by the news of the dismissal of the obnoxious Minister, the Archbishop of Sens. It arrived on the 29th of August, and threw the town, crowded as it was by the concourse of people from the country, into a delirium of joy. That very morning the Governor had placed guards a thousand strong all through the streets. Sentinels were posted at the doors of the hôtel-de-ville, of the public library, of the chief churches—everywhere, in short, where a meeting of citizens might be expected to take place—and it was rumoured that arrests of certain popular citizens were to be made. The restraints were promptly removed, and full license given to the general rejoicing. Lomenie was burnt in effigy. Nightfall saw the town blazing with illuminations which, though impromptu and voluntary, were far more brilliant and general than any former display in obedience to royal command. The return of the President of the Parliament was celebrated with every conceivable demonstration of joy. The citizens formed themselves into companies and went out to meet him, and escort him home, wearing cockades of blue and pink, the colours of Dauphiné, and with dolphins embroidered on the trappings of the horses. Triumphant arches were set up all along the route, and every town and village sent a deputation bearing some tribute to show that they shared in the general rejoicing. It was more like the triumphal entry of a victorious general than the return of a magistrate who had left his supporters in the lurch and deserted his post at a critical moment for fear of Ministerial displeasure. A year later we find the Grenoblois indulging in a similar paroxysm of enthusiastic demonstration. The event which called it forth was one which affected the whole future of France. A special courier arrived from Lyons bringing the news that the three Orders of the States-General, now sitting at Versailles, had held a sitting in common. All the in-

habitants turned out into the streets and public places, and ran about expressing their joy by mutual congratulations and promiscuous embracing. All night long the town was blazing with illuminations and ringing with the sound of serenades performed below the windows of the principal inhabitants.

Among the notable names connected with Grenoble, that of Barnave must not be forgotten. Born of a Protestant family of Grenoble, he embraced his father's profession of the law. At twenty-eight he emerged from the obscurity of the provincial Bar, being elected one of the deputies to the States-General. The brilliant speeches of the young lawyer soon made him one of its leaders. His eloquence excited the admiration, and perhaps the envy, of the fiery Mirabeau, who declared that he had never heard any one speak so well and so clearly. The keen-eyed veteran foretold for the young orator a great career. "Tis a young tree, said he, 'which will one day be the mast of a ship.'" That ship, however, was not to be the Republic. Under the outward semblance of a Democrat and ultra-Republican, he concealed a chivalrous spirit that would have done honour to a Bayard. His hatred of royalty affected institutions only, not persons. Kings and queens were repugnant to him only when surrounded by the pomp, and pageantry, and circumstances of their rank. In their humiliation and distress their sufferings awakened his sympathy. When once brought into personal contact with the royal family his dislike to them melted away. That long sad journey from Varennes when, seated in the same carriage with the royal family, his gentle instincts were outraged by the vulgar insolence of his colleague Pétion, opened his eyes to the true qualities of the class he had joined and the class he was destroying. He did all that he could by a show of deferential courtesy to protest against the brutality of the low fellow with whom he was associated in the painful task of bringing back the royal fugitives. He and his prisoners were mutually charmed with one another. Long conversations beguiled the weariness of the way. In the course of these Barnave found out that he and Mme. Elizabeth had more in common, in intellect and principles, than he had with the party to which he had joined himself. One of the strangest gleams of comedy that here and there light up the dark tragedy of the Revolution is the picture of the demure Princess holding the coat-tails of the red-hot Republican to prevent his falling out of the coach when he all but threw himself out of the window to rescue a poor old priest from the insults of the mob. From that day Barnave was the sworn champion of the royal family. His devotion cost him his head and effected nothing. The Queen put her trust in her friends outside the kingdom rather than rely on those within. Seeing that he could do no good, Barnave went back to his native town. Two years had passed since he left it an obscure young lawyer. He returned to it in the full flush of fame. The Reign of Terror claimed but two victims from Grenoble; but the most famous of her citizens was one. Brought to the guillotine at Paris in '93, he died exclaiming, "This, then, is the price of all that I have done for liberty."

Grenoble was the first town to welcome Napoleon on his return from Elba. Late in the evening of the 7th of March he appeared under the walls fresh from his bloodless victory at Laffrey. An admiring crowd, gathered from the country round, followed in his train and loudly demanded that the gates should be opened or they would burn them down. The garrison, to a man, declared for their old idol. The cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" raised outside the walls was soon ringing in the streets, and the object of this adoration, worn out as he was with his long ride over the mountain from the Golfe Jouane, was nearly killed by kindness. The enthusiasm of his admirers was such that he had much ado to get rid of them and secure the rest he so much needed. The first signs of the revolutionary struggle had been manifested at Grenoble. There the last shots were fired in the war which followed. After the famous "hundred days," when Waterloo had fixed the fate of France, Grenoble, as it had been the first to welcome Napoleon, was the last to desert him. For three days the townsfolk, without a garrison, manned the walls and held the gates in the face of the foreign foe, refusing to open them until they were granted an honourable capitulation.

BELIEF AND MAKE-BELIEF.

"THERE was not a man inside or outside of a lunatic asylum who believed the charges." These remarkable words are assigned by the newspapers to Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., at a dinner to some other Parnellite on Wednesday; and they supply a pleasing text for a discussion, which need not be too dry even for weather that is assuredly too wet, on the Nature of Belief. Mr. McCarthy believes, or says he believes, that nobody believes the charges against his party. Let us register that, and pass on to another curious expression of belief in the newspapers of the same day. "Kathleen Lyttelton, Anna Bateson, Rose C. Goodman, Catherine Tillyard" put their fair hands and respectable names to a document which, among other things, asserts that Mr. Mandeville "died the death of a patriot," and that he "undoubtedly advanced the cause of his country in a very remarkable degree." Observe, "undoubtedly." "Kathleen Lyttelton, Anna Bateson, Rose C. Goodman, Catherine Tillyard" are as resolute as Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., that there shall be no liberty of conscience on their point. The death of the late

Mr. Mandeville (for whose widow we feel as much sympathy as any of those who are making capital out of his death) admits of perfectly impartial description by a perfectly impartial historian. He died, as everybody knows, of a chill, and it is said—but no doctor would dream of saying “undoubtedly”—that the chill was aided in its effects by his prison experiences. Now what were these experiences? Mr. Mandeville was not sent to prison for believing in or advocating Home Rule, or anything “patriotic”; he was sent to prison for encouraging persons not to pay certain sums of money lawfully due to other persons lawfully entitled to them. This statement, we conceive, even the estimable ladies just enumerated would admit, though they might, after the manner of their sex, interject “lawfully but not morally.” Further, Mr. Mandeville’s sufferings, such as they were in prison, were due wholly to a private notion about prison garments, which, to borrow Mr. McCarthy’s words, no one inside or outside a lunatic asylum would pronounce to be matter of patriotic faith, and which has, as a matter of fact, been abandoned silently by Mr. Mandeville’s own fellows. This is the absolute truth stated without one hard epithet or question-begging term. Yet we see that the estimable ladies pronounce positively and *ans phrase* that Mr. Mandeville “died the death of a patriot,” and undoubtedly that “he advanced the cause of his country”—perhaps by persuading subsequent prisoners to be wiser than he was.

And then we return to Mr. McCarthy and his “no one believes.” The frequent repetition of this confidence in so many forms is perhaps likely to throw a little doubt upon the certainty with which it is felt; but never mind that. Also, there is perhaps a little conscious or unconscious Jesuitry in the declaration “no one believes,” or the interrogative “Do you believe” that, &c. &c. For the question is not so much one of positive “belief” as of absence of any “belief not.” There are very large numbers of extremely sane people who are unable to “believe not”—or, in other words, who, without unduly prejudicing the matter, think it by no means improbable that the documents in “Parnellism and Crime” are more or less genuine, and the charges based on them more or less true. But that is not our point. What is the use of talking about “belief” in the matter? is the real question. What do the very people who talk about it mean? What do “Kathleen Lyttelton, Anna Bateson,” and their choir of matrons and maids mean exactly by “undoubtedly”? Hard, we suspect, very hard indeed, would it be for them to answer, except in language vaguer still. On a celebrated occasion the late Mr. Forster formulated, and thus drew attention to, an observation of Mr. Gladstone’s character which had been often enough made by others and in other places—for a humble instance here—before. He remarked on the extraordinary facility with which Mr. Gladstone can make himself believe anything that he wishes to believe. It is, of course, a perfectly true observation, and its truth has been illustrated and confirmed since in ways even more wonderful than those on which Mr. Forster was remarking. But even Mr. Gladstone, great man as he is, can only be great in ways in which other people are less great. Mr. Justin McCarthy, when he declares that nobody believes the charges against him, the Cambridge ladies with their “undoubtedly,” are all “making believe”—an admirable phrase, of which we believe the English language has the proud monopoly, but which is common to the whole human race as far as the meaning goes. M. Renan had a Jewish friend, he tells us, who used to say “On fait ce qu’on veut; mais on croit ce qu’on veut.” Critics have already remarked that this Israelite, if the first part of his statement was true, had the good fortune of which Jews, unlike Greeks, are said to be rather fond of boasting. For our part, there are many things which we should like to do very much indeed, but which we never have done, and no doubt never shall do. But even this universally fortunate Judean acknowledged that he could only believe what he could. Here we observe that he was less lucky than his Christian brethren and sisters, Mr. Justin McCarthy and the Cambridge ladies. They can believe what they like; they can believe that nobody believes in the charges of “Parnellism and Crime,” and that the patriotism and the good deeds to his country of a man who persuaded certain persons not to pay rent, and afterwards by his own will lay without clothes for some days, are “undoubtedly.” They say they can; and saying so reminds one of the transcendental American author of those beautiful lines:—

A fat little man,
With an astounding show of “Can.”

Little more need be said about the latter of these curious declarations of faith. There are unkind and impolite persons who doubt whether any lady is capable of understanding such questions as Home Rule; and there are others, less unkind and impolite, who doubt still more whether any lady is capable of understanding what “doubt” or “undoubtedly” means. But there is another class—a class of doubters or undoubters, if we may call them so, in reference to this matter. They cannot believe that Mr. A or Mr. B could really have had anything to do with this matter, sometimes on general, sometimes on personal grounds. As for the latter, it is of course impossible for any one who has not the dishonour of Mr. A’s or Mr. B’s personal acquaintance to say anything. But as to the general question, it is rather hard to see why it should be supposed impossible that anybody should do anything. “Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?” is a sufficiently famous old story. And perhaps

of the purely cynical amusements of life there are few keener than to hear an enthusiastic person declare that certain things are impossible, that they are mere fiction, and so forth, and all the while to know that they are fact and are true of other persons known to the enthusiastic believer in his species.

Of course, however, there must be a certain amount of sincerity in the matter. Perhaps Mr. McCarthy was sincere; it was never supposed by any one that more of certain secrets of his party than was absolutely unavoidable would be disclosed to him. It seems nearly “undoubtedly,” as they would say themselves, that the Cambridge ladies were sincere or were able to think themselves so. But one is not troubled by any abstruse reflections on the nature of faith when one comes to certain boisterous newspaper assertions of the hypocrisy of those who pretend to believe in the charges. This kind of thing ought to deceive no one, though it is impossible to say, considering what mankind are made of, that it does not. It has about the same force as the epithets applied to Mr. Balfour, or as those used the other night by Mr. T. P. O’Connor, who was feasted economically in conjunction with a kind of wake for Mr. Mandeville. “Infamous,” “foully murdered,” “abominable and unscrupulous,” “disgusting incident,” “miserable and clumsy forgeries,” thus handsomely did Mr. T. P. O’Connor pay for his dinner. He confessed that “even with the training in human baseness which eight years” of association with Parnellites (only Mr. T. P. O’Connor called it delicately “Parliamentary experience”) “had given, he was pained and shocked” at these wicked actions towards Mr. Parnell. Mr. Parnell, it is good to hear from this his henchman, is almost too good to live, and yet he is exposed to “this degraded descent to tactics which they thought as dead and buried as the poisoned ring of the middle ages,” whatever that was. And then he went on about “rank and treacherous hands,” &c.

Now all this, of course, is very stale stuff, and hardly worth quoting in itself; but it has a certain interesting bearing on the present subject. Mr. O’Connor, no doubt, merely meant, as we have said, to pay for his dinner on the spot, like an honest man. But whether the constant use of such language has not some effect in Making Believe we are by no means certain. We rather think it has. It is, of course, a common assertion that abuse defeats its own end, and this is often said specially of the exposure of Mr. Gladstone’s evil practices. But *distinguish*. What is called the abuse of Mr. Gladstone is, though not confined to, chiefly practised by educated persons of decent habits and manners, who use not mere bludgeons, but rapiers, and the common people do not understand rapier-play. Further, the abuse of Mr. Gladstone is not accompanied by any of that fulsome and sickening laudation (as it seems to some) of other people which is apparently so attractive to the same vulgar mind. The Gladstonian, at the same time that he has the fiendishness of Balfours and Salisburys, the sufferings of O’Briens and Mandevilles pointed out to him, has the angelic qualities of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone depicted in glowing colours. We, alas! do not behave in this way. We do not represent Lord Salisbury as an angel of pure and endless light; it is sadly to be suspected that, if any one beslavered Mr. Balfour as his worshippers beslaver Mr. Gladstone, that venomous voluptuary would feel a great disposition to be ill. Now this does not suit the people who Make Believe; or so at least it would appear. Their ardent minds require something to worship as well as something to curse, and the kind of politics which is another name for rational criticism of politics is very little given to worshipping. “Why can’t you?” said a being of the same angelic sex as the Cambridge ladies, though we are happy to say of sounder politics, “why can’t you admire without criticizing?” Alas! one William Shakespeare had provided the answer beforehand. And the people who Make Believe hate critics.

OUR INLAND WATERING-PLACES.

SO many improvements have been made during the last few years in the technical appliances and the general conveniences both for lodging and entertaining invalids and their friends at most of our inland watering-places, that we may fairly expect, and indeed reasonably demand, that a portion at least of the large stream of real and imaginary invalids which sets in so strongly towards France and Germany about the end of the London season will be diverted to them, and that some portion of the golden harvest associated with it will be reaped by our own countrymen. It is not creditable to English medical men, who justly claim to be second to no others in Europe in a knowledge of medicine, and to be superior to them in its practical application, that our mineral-water establishments should be deemed inferior to those of Germany and France, and should be allowed to languish at the mere bidding of fashion or the prejudices of a certain class of patients; and it is obvious that either our medical men do not possess the courage of their opinions, or else that they are not sufficiently well informed as to the character and merits of our native spas. At the opening of the new establishment at Leamington last year the Speaker of the House of Commons charged our medical men with their negligence in this respect, and although it was combated at the recent opening of the new establishment at Woodhall Spa, there is doubtless some foundation for the charge. The evil here,

as with so many other aspects of medical practice, is due to the existence of a class of specialists to whom the rank and file of the profession yield up their individual opinions and experiences too readily. Such specialists are too cosmopolitan in their practice to be impartial judges, and they are often better acquainted with their brother-specialists practising abroad than those who practise with less ostentation at home. There is, indeed, a regular round of visiting carried on by French and German doctors during the slack season of their respective watering-places, which smacks of the customs of commercial travellers rather than of the intercourse of the members of a learned profession, and places the practitioners at our English spas at a great disadvantage. There are, however, many other reasons for the comparative neglect of our inland watering-places. The general practitioner, who is so well informed on all other branches of his profession, is ill informed on this. The medical schools teach nothing of the use of baths or the therapeutical action of mineral waters; the rich Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons deliver no lectures on the subject, and the literature, as far as English watering-places are concerned, is almost a blank, except for a few monographs expressing the views of local writers. The fault is also a national one. In spite of our partiality to the use of the morning tub we are not a bathing people like the Germans, nor a physic-drinking people like the French. The Kur treatment by baths has been the domestic remedy for all the minor ills that German flesh is heir to since, and probably before, the days of Paracelsus, as *ptisans* have been to the French for an equally long period; while our domestic remedies have always taken the more solid forms of confections and extracts—national tastes and peculiarities also showing themselves in the preparation of our food. Even our periodic migrations to the seaside, made with the regularity and seriousness of a religious pilgrimage, are made in search of sea-air rather than sea-water, and the bathing which takes place is looked on rather as a luxury than a necessity, and is indulged in, therefore, in a haphazard way, without system and generally without medical advice.

The complaints which have hitherto been made against the deficiency of appliances for the use of the waters at our English spas no longer hold good, most of them being as well furnished in this respect as those on the Continent. It must be borne in mind, moreover, that, if our establishments are less magnificent in appearance than some of the German and French, we have had no gaming-table to provide the money, and that such magnificence is no proof of the value of the waters it covers. It is perfectly well known that many of the contrivances and manipulations at Continental spas are the veriest quackery, as are some of the virtues claimed for the waters the veriest moonshine, and no rational Englishman would submit to them for a moment under the eyes of his friends and neighbours at home. It must be admitted that we are somewhat behind the French and Germans in our provision for the amusement of invalids and their friends at our inland watering-places; but we have made rapid progress lately in this direction. It is certain that such amusement as foreign watering-places afford us is due rather to our watching others amuse themselves than to our taking part in it.

There is no doubt, moreover, that the popularity of our inland watering-places suffers from the great number and excellence of our seaside resorts. Yet with a proper knowledge of their several climates and of the properties of their respective waters there should not be any rivalry between them. There are many constitutions and a great number of diseases with which sea-air and sea-water are incompatible, but which are benefited by the one or the other separately, and a great number which are injured by them, but are benefited by the use of the baths and climate of our inland spas. What is wanted to ensure the success of our natural mineral waters is a more thorough observation of their application to the treatment of patients in the hospitals attached to nearly all of our larger establishments. It would be well, also, if some of the convalescent homes, which gravitate too much to the seaside, were placed at our inland watering-places, and that convalescents needing their respective waters should be sent to them. The prevailing diseases among the poor are rheumatism, skin disease, and scrofula, and, although experience shows that scrofula, in all its forms, is benefited by sea-air and sea-bathing, the same treatment is of little use to the sufferers from rheumatism, and is often injurious to those with skin complaints, while they are benefited by the saline waters of Droitwich, Leamington, Cheltenham, and, best of all, Woodhall Spa, where the active constituents—iodine and bromine—are many times in excess of the quantity found in sea-water, or, indeed, in any mineral spring yet discovered. It is satisfactory to know that the waters at this little known and long neglected spa are to be submitted to the crucial test of their value by the establishment of a hospital for poor people. The advantage at Woodhall, as at all our inland watering-places, is found in the greater length of time that treatment by baths can be carried on. At the sea-side the season is little more than two months, but with covered baths treatment can be carried on nearly all the year round, and this is of the utmost importance to the real invalid, whether he be rich or poor. As to the conveniences for this kind of continuous treatment our mineral-water establishments leave little to be desired. The arrangements at Bath are equal to those of any other country, and those of Buxton, Harrogate, Droitwich, Cheltenham are equal to the present demands on them, and are

being extended; while Leamington last year and Woodhall Spa this year have introduced the newest and most approved appliances employed at the German and French Spas. If we remember how far the French were behind the Germans in all matters relating to the internal and external use of mineral waters before their quarrel in 1870, and how well abreast, and in some respects ahead of them, they are now, we need not doubt our ability to catch up both of them if we direct our attention and energies to the work, and proper patronage is given. In this, as in so many other things, we need not be mere servile imitators; and if our system, already so well begun, is not like that of other countries, it may well be better by the omission of some of the quackery and pretence which gives a fictitious glamour to many of them. We may also benefit by the experience and mistakes of others.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON POLICE.

VI.

WE shall presently have to notice the police system of other countries, or, at all events, of one country—France—not so much for the purpose of comparing any foreign protective force with our own, for that is unnecessary and would be practically useless, as to enable the reader to form his own opinion of the relative merits of English and Continental police. Before doing so, however, it will be not unprofitable, and we trust not altogether uninteresting, especially in the face of recent malevolent criticism, to ask ourselves whether the metropolitan constabulary has improved or retrograded within the last ten or twelve years. Of course, for the major portion of the period the Metropolitan Police was under the control of Sir Edmund Henderson, during whose amiable consulship very serious defects were discovered in the body corporate of the constabulary. Those who have followed this series of papers do not require to be told that we are not among those wise folk who (after the event) found everything to blame and nothing to commend in respect of the gallant officer's administration of the civil protective forces of the capital. As we gave him in the past, so we are desirous to give him now, full credit for his arduous labours to bring his little army to an ideal pitch of perfection. Colonel Henderson will hardly complain if we affirm of him that he was not a second Gisquet, to form and organize a body having all the good qualities and none of the defects of the "fameuse brigade Vidocq," which, created in 1817 by the above-mentioned Préfet de Police, consisted of the *ex-forçat* Vidocq and "une trentaine d'hommes non-commissionnés, repris de justice pour la plupart, ou gens tarés, qu'il tenait dans la main par leurs antécédents et qui le tenaient de même." No; the Chief Commissioner of Police, whose monstrous treatment at the hands of a section of the daily press was, in popular phraseology, "a disgrace to journalism," was compelled to recruit his force in quite another manner; and he was more deserving of our pity than our censure when a memorable investigation into the most important department of Scotland Yard led to what was very properly termed "a scandal." Into the details of the melancholy affair we have no intention to enter. It is sufficient to say of it that it was, perhaps, the one real blot on the story of the Metropolitan Police, and proved, *inter alia*, that even the quickest-witted men sometimes become the dupes of clever rogues. Since the remarkable *exposé* in question, which gave a rude shock to all classes of the community—greatest, probably, to those who were best acquainted with the sterling merits of some of the inculpated officers—the force has, we think it may be fairly said and will be conceded by all fair-thinking men, been raised morally as well as intellectually and physically, until now we can boast of a police army which is in some respects unique. The work of reform had been begun by Colonel Henderson long before the revelations in the De Goncourt case precipitated necessary changes. Slowly, but surely, improvements were being made, albeit the public knew nothing of them. The discipline of the force, though good, was not altogether what it might have been, and what it has since become, thanks to the persistent efforts of the past and present heads of departments.

The radical changes which have come over the Metropolitan Police Force within the period indicated above have, doubtless, been more striking to the occasional visitor from abroad and to the country cousin from the shires than to permanent residents in the capital, not a few of whom are a little too ready to join in the indiscriminate *harc* which now and again is raised against the constabulary, especially when Demos lacks, or fancies he lacks, a victim. We cannot but acknowledge the vast improvement manifest in the appearance of the police generally. In the important matter of physique they leave little or nothing to desire; and, with very few exceptions, they are so well "set up" as to evoke the unrestrained admiration of those who do not allow their familiarity with our great civil protective force to degenerate into even the semblance of contempt. The military training which the police now undergo is exceedingly valuable. The drill which they are taught is indispensable for the preservation of discipline; above all it teaches, or should teach, them to exercise a judicious control over their tempers, and to "keep their heads" at the most trying times. Another admirable

reform, so long as it is not overdone, is the extension of the patrol system, concerning which we felt constrained to offer a few observations some weeks ago. The mere fact of the passing of mounted constables through the suburbs at certain (why not at uncertain?) hours, tends to soothe the agitated nerves of timid residents in our environs as well as to keep the gentle burglar on tenterhooks. Considering the constant promenading of the police cavalry through the outskirts, and the precautions taken by the foot constabulary, who protect mews and such places by stretching a piece of twine from wall to wall, the wonder is that burglaries and larcenies are ever heard of, though to be sure they are plentiful enough. As we recently pointed out, several of the chief constables lay great stress in their reports on the absolute necessity of increasing the force. We support their plea that the existing body of police is not numerically strong enough to adequately fulfil the multifarious duties which they are now called upon to perform, if only because, as it seems to us, that street traffic has grown so in volume as to be, in some instances at least, quite beyond control. The fact is that the "crossing" difficulty becomes greater and greater every year. Let doubters and scoffers stand at any point they like, either in the City or at the West End, and watch the frenzied efforts, not only of the aged and infirm, but of the young and lusty, to cross "the great divide," and we feel sure they will support us in our appeal for more police protection at those points where the traffic is heaviest and most dangerous to life and limb. The chief constables have done well to lay so much stress on the street-crossing difficulty, and we hope that in the fulness of time, and the sooner the better for all of us, the much-needed increase in the numbers of the Metropolitan Police will be made.

THE BANK DIVIDENDS.

THE bank dividends, so far as announced—and all the purely London banks, as well as a large number of the country banks, have already declared their rates of dividends—are fairly satisfactory. It is true, confining ourselves for the moment to the metropolitan banks, that the London and Westminster pays for the past half-year a rate of dividend 1 per cent. lower than it paid for the first half of 1887; but against this is to be set the fact that the Union Discount Company pays for the past six months 1 per cent. more than for the corresponding period of last year. With these two exceptions, the London banks and discount Companies declare the same rates of dividend as for the first half of last year; and, of twelve country banks, eleven pay the same rates as for the first half of last year, while one pays 1 per cent. higher. Upon the whole, therefore, it will be seen that the rates of dividend have been well maintained; and we may add that the amounts carried forward from the half-year just ended to the half-year just begun are a little larger now than they were twelve months ago. Probably the cause of the decline in the rate of dividend of the London and Westminster Bank is peculiar to itself and accidental. It will be in the recollection of our readers that in February of last year that institution brought out Allsopp & Co., and that there was an extraordinary rush of applicants for the shares. If we recollect rightly, the applications amounted to about 100 millions sterling, and the number of applications was so great that it took a long time to sift them and make allotments. In the meantime the bank, of course, had the use of the money lodged by the applicants; and doubtless it is to the profit so made and to the large commission on the transaction that the higher rate of dividend paid for the first half of last year is mainly due. This year there was no similar windfall. In the case of the Union Discount Company, which pays 1 per cent. more than it did twelve months ago, there has been an increase of capital, and apparently the additional funds have been very profitably employed. Altogether, bearing in mind the special circumstance to which the decline in the London and Westminster rate is partly at least attributable, we have evidence in the dividend announcements that the banks have been able to employ their funds profitably. At first sight this seems somewhat surprising, for the average Bank of England rate of discount has been lower during the six months than for some years past. It has been no higher, in fact, than 2½. 11s. 11d. per cent. In the first half of last year it was as much as 3½. 4s. 1d. There is a difference of nearly five-eighths per cent. in these figures. In the first half of 1886 the average Bank rate was 2½. 12s. 6d., which most nearly approaches the rate of the past six months. But beginning with 1879, the average rate has been considerably higher in every other year. The average market rate—the average rate, that is, of the banks and discount houses outside the Bank of England has also been lower. It amounted to no more than 1½. 11s. 11d. per cent. In the first half of last year it was as much as 2 per cent. Lastly, the difference between the average rate of discount in the open market and the average rates paid by the banks and discount houses for money lodged on deposit with them has likewise been lower. For the past six months it was as low as 2s. 3d.; while in the first half of last year it was 2s. 5d., and in the first half even of 1886 it was 2s. 7d. We need hardly remind our readers that the banks and discount houses employ the money which they receive on deposit in lending and discounting, and that it is the difference between the

rates which they receive and which they pay that gives them their profit.

The average Bank rate, the average rate of discount in the open market, and the difference between the market rate of discount and the rates allowed upon deposits by the banks and discount houses having all been lower in the past half-year than in the first half of last year, or indeed for many years past, it would seem to follow that there must have been a smaller demand for accommodation from the banks and discount houses during the six months, and, consequently, that their profits must have been smaller. We see, however, from the dividend announcements that the facts have not been so. One part of the explanation doubtless is suggested by the fact that the difference between the average Bank of England rate and the average market rate was smaller in the past six months than in the corresponding period of previous years. For example, the difference in the past six months was only 1½, while in the first half of last year it was as much as 1½. 4s. 1d. This means obviously that the banks were able to obtain from their customers rates of discount nearer to what was charged by the Bank of England than they had been able to do in previous years. In other words, the demand for accommodation from the banks was really larger than at first sight it would seem to have been from the lowness of the rates of discount both of the Bank of England and of the open market. The competition between the banks and discount houses themselves, and between them all, taken together, and the foreign and colonial institutions which do business in London is so extremely keen that rates are forced very low down. But, at the same time, the money all these various institutions have had to employ has evidently been in good demand. The banks and discount houses therefore turned over their funds rapidly and constantly to the fullest extent possible, and though in each particular case no doubt the profit was small, the vast accumulation of profits has enabled them to make as good a show at the end of the six months as they did twelve months ago when matters looked more favourable to them. Trade, as our readers are aware, has been decidedly better during the past six months than in the first half of last year. The war scare at the beginning of 1887 paralysed all speculation for a long time subsequent, and gave a decided check likewise to trade. This year, on the contrary, trade has been steadily improving month by month. In May, more particularly, it was exceedingly good, and though the Board of Trade returns are not quite as satisfactory for June, yet for the whole half-year they show the amount of business done has been exceedingly large. There seems to be little doubt but that the profits of trade are better than they were in former years, and, indeed, are now fairly satisfactory. With this improvement in trade an increased demand for loans and discounts was to be expected; and there has also been more business done upon the Stock Exchange than in the first half of last year. Speculation, it is quite true, has not been active, but neither was it very active last year, in consequence of the war scare. But there has been an immense investment business. There has been a good deal of speculation in certain departments, and altogether the employment for banking funds upon the Stock Exchange has been large. Lastly, it is to be recollected that there has been an immense number of new Companies brought out, and that this means a considerable accession of business to the banks. At the same time it seems clear that the banks are depending less than they formerly did upon what is considered proper banking business for their profits. Trade is being conducted more and more upon a cash basis. There are fewer bills manufactured in proportion to the business done, and consequently there is neither as much lending nor as much discounting as there formerly was in *bona-fide* commercial transactions. The banks, therefore, are far more dependent than they used to be upon their investments for the profits they require. To some extent they will, therefore, be affected in the future by the success of Mr. Goschen's conversion. It is true that the banks generally do not hold appreciably large amounts of Consols, but some of them hold considerable amounts, and the difference in interest will tell by-and-by. The majority, however, have invested in securities that yield higher rates of dividend, and it is probably to the steadiness of the income they receive from these investments and to the extension of their business in other departments that the steadiness of the rates of discount is to be attributed.

Regarding the prospects of the half-year which we have now entered, it seems reasonable to assume that the rates of interest and discount will be decidedly higher than in the past six months. Usually trade is more active in the second than in the first half of the year, and speculation is decidedly so. There are many reasons for this, but at the present moment the greater activity of speculation is naturally because the fears entertained of troubles upon the Continent have for the moment passed away. When the year is young, those fears are very keen; when the year is drawing to a close, people feel that they have a respite before them. The stock of gold held by the Bank of England is so small that we should have little hesitation in saying that the value of money must rise considerably were it not that gold is once more being shipped from New York to Europe. And in America people are looking with much more confidence than they were to the future. This time twelve months ago there was a general fear of a crisis in the New York money market, and hoarding was going on all over the country. Now, although Congress has not yet dealt with the tariff, and has adopted no measures to pre-

vent the accumulation of unemployed money in the Treasury, people are reassured. They feel confident that no crisis is coming. Partly this is due to the quietude of trade and the slackness of speculation, and partly it is due to the large purchases of bonds by the Secretary of the Treasury. In any case the general confidence now felt seems to point to a comparatively easy money market throughout the autumn. Of course when the crops begin to be cut and marketed there will be the usual outflow of cash from the banking centres to the interior. The rates of interest and discount at the banking centres will rise, and there may even be a considerable stringency for a short time; but that happens more or less every year, and it will give no cause for anxiety. It seems likely, too, that trade will improve as the year advances in the United States, and there are signs of a revival in speculation. Upon the whole, therefore, it seems probable that the rates of interest and discount will by-and-by be considerably higher than they are at present. Nevertheless, the resumption of gold shipments shows that no anxiety is now entertained, and it tends likewise to relieve the European money markets. If peace continues for the remainder of the year trade will go on improving, and with improving trade and a general conviction that peace will be maintained, there will doubtless be a more active speculation both upon the Bourses and Stock Exchanges in Europe, and in commodities also. This will occasion a greater demand for banking accommodation. Therefore it is reasonable to assume that the banks will do better for the current half-year than they did in the past half-year. But it must never be forgotten that the great increase in the capital of the banks which followed the adoption of limited liability and the rise in the capital value of investment securities of all kinds, make it much more difficult than it formerly was for bank Directors to keep up their rates of discount. There is less demand for loans and discounts than there was ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago. Investment securities yield a smaller return, and yet the capital on which dividends have to be paid is considerably larger. There is a strong temptation, then, for bank Directors to engage in risky business. Yet it must be admitted that bad debts are very few.

RACING.

THE new footing on which the Derby and the Oaks have been placed, in our opinion, leaves little to be desired so far as the stakes are concerned. Some people think that, if the change was worth making at all, the guarantee should have been higher than 5,000*l.* for the Derby and 4,000*l.* for the Oaks, as there are now several stakes worth 10,000*l.*; but if breeders and owners enter their yearlings freely the Derby may yet become as rich as the Eclipse Stakes. The 10*l.* forfeit will be a great boon to breeders and purchasers of yearlings, and it ought to ensure an enormous entry.

The sale of Her Majesty's yearlings has been one of the events of the season. To show the improvement that has been made in the Queen's stud, we may observe that in 1885 her yearlings made 3,150 guineas, at an average of about 143 guineas, and that the highest price obtained for one yearling was 610 guineas; whereas this year they realized 12,335 guineas, at an average of 474½ guineas, the highest price made by one lot being 2,600 guineas. The most remarkable thing about the sale was that the two yearlings which brought the largest prices were by an untried stallion; yet, as St. Simon won in a canter all the nine races for which he started during the two years that he was in training, his stock had good claims upon the notice of purchasers. His two easy victories over Tristan and the example that he made of a winner of the St. Leger at Goodwood are not likely to be soon forgotten. Twenty years ago a sire inheriting four strains of Blacklock blood would scarcely have been so fashionable, but times are changed.

Mr. C. Perkins was very fortunate at Newcastle races in winning the three principal events, the North Derby, the Northumberland Plate, and the Seaton Delaval Plate—races worth about 3,630*l.*—with Belle Mahone, who had been third for both the One Thousand and the Oaks, Matin Bell, a Selling Plate that had cost 169 guineas, and the very smart two-year-old, Chitabob, who has already won 5,300*l.* in stakes. Matin Bell's victory for the Northumberland Plate is another example of the now common success of a four-year-old in a big handicap under 6st. 10lbs.

The Bibury Club meeting began by the overthrow of a hot favourite on whom 3 to 1 was laid. These odds seemed dangerous when it was remembered that the Duke of Beaufort's Hark, on whom they were laid, had lost eleven races out of fourteen last season, and he is evidently an uncertain colt, for he now shirked his work in the last half mile and allowed Mr. J. Grettton's Apollo to win by four lengths. The smart two-year-olds, Donovan and Linkboy, both won races over the Stockbridge course, and Sir W. Throckmorton's Annamite upheld his Ascot form by winning the Andover Stakes under the hunting weight of 13st. 4lbs. Sir George Chetwynd's Fullerton followed up his victory in the City and Suburban Handicap by winning the Stockbridge Cup. He has, thus far, run consistently enough this season, at any rate. The "good thing" of the week was brought off on the Friday by Mr. Peck, when he won the Electric

Stakes of 1,843*l.* at Sandown with Bullion. This colt had never won a race before, so he was receiving 11 lbs. each from Hazle-hatch and Senanus, who were the leading favourites, while as much as 10 to 1 was laid against the winner. He is a big, massive colt, and had hitherto been rather backward and unfurnished, but he now won easily by two lengths. At Leicester he had run second to Donovan, with twenty-three opponents behind him, and he had also run second to Fitztraver at Manchester. As he is by The Miser out of Stella, he represents Hermit and King Tom blood, with strains of Stockwell, Bay Middleton, and Blacklock. On the Saturday Mr. D. Baird won the British Dominion Two-Year-Old Stakes of 980*l.* with El Dorado, a bay colt by Sterling out of Palm Flower. It will be remembered that at Lord Falmouth's sale Mr. Baird bought his dam for 3,800 guineas, her son, Cocoa Nut, for 2,500, and her foal, afterwards named Maize, for 1,150. Cocoa Nut unfortunately died, but Maize and El Dorado have already repaid nearly 2,000*l.* of this investment of 7,450 guineas in horseflesh. Lord Calthorpe's Satiety won the Wellington Stakes in a canter by four lengths from Cataract, a winner of two races this year, whom he was meeting at a disadvantage of 21 lbs. at weight for age.

At the Newmarket July Meeting, the July Stakes, the great race of the first day, was very interesting, although only two horses ran for it. The crack two-year-olds, Donovan and Gold, had never met before. Prince Soltykoff's Gold had not yet been beaten. He had won the Woodcote Stakes and a Biennial at Ascot, and many critics maintained that he was the most powerful and the best-shaped colt of the pair. Odds of 7 to 4 were laid on Donovan, who made the running at a strong pace, with a lead of about a length and a half, as far as the corner of the plantation—that is to say, until they were within something over a quarter of a mile from home. Gold then challenged him, and a severe race followed up to the winning-post. When F. Barrett raised his whip, it was thought by many that the favourite was beaten; but, although Cannon rode a grand race on Gold, he could not quite overhaul Donovan, who struggled very gamely and won by half a length. By winning 10,673*l.* in stakes, Donovan has now beaten, in half a season, the entire two-year-old record of The Bard, who won 9,188*l.*, as well as that of Friar's Balsam, who won 8,666*l.* There can be little, if any, doubt, that in the July Stakes the best colt won; but on this form it appeared as if there could not be many pounds between Donovan and Gold at present, and it is unfortunate that the latter is not entered for the Derby.

The heavy thunderstorm that passed over Newmarket Heath on the Wednesday will not soon be forgotten by those who attended the races. As Gulliver had run Donovan to a neck at 7 lbs. for the New Stakes at Ascot, he was made favourite for the Exeter Stakes, although he was carrying 4 lbs. extra. It was said that he had been eased in his work since the Ascot Meeting, and that in the meantime one of his hocks had filled. He did not now run up to his Ascot form, for the race was won by Lord Ellesmere's filly, Hortense, who beat Baron Rothschild's filly, Crinière, by a head, while Gulliver was a head behind Crinière. It was one of the prettiest races of the meeting. The notorious gelding, Everitt, who had been bought at Lord Ailesbury's sale for 1,110 guineas, now won his first race for his owner in a 100-guinea Selling Plate, and as his selling price was only 200*l.* Mr. Warren does not appear to have done very well with him. Lord Dudley won the July Cup with the good-looking Fullerton, whom he purchased shortly before the race for 4,500*l.* Once again we must remark upon the very consistent running of this horse during the present season. It is to be regretted that Success could not have been present to complete, with Everitt and Fullerton, a trio of unusual celebrity. Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain, carrying the top weight in a field of a dozen, won a handicap. He has now won nearly 800*l.* in stakes towards the 3,100 guineas which he cost in the spring. He was giving 2 st. to Franciscan, whom he beat by a neck, and 3st. 4lbs. to the Chaplet colt, who was first favourite. This says much for the form of Satiety, who had beaten him easily by a length on the previous day. Lord Dudley's Oberon, the winner of last year's Lincolnshire Handicap, had been out of form this season, but amidst thunder and lightning, hail and rain, he now beat a field of ten for the Ellesmere High-Weight Handicap. For the Zetland Plate more than 3 to 1 was laid on Galore, who had run a dead-heat with Ossory for the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot; but he was beaten after a very fine race by a head, at even weights, by Prince Soltykoff's Sheen, to whom he had given 10 lbs. and a two-and-a-half lengths beating over the same distance in May. Something over 16 to 1 had been laid against Sheen at the start, and it is needless to say that this was an extraordinary reversal of public form.

Oberon won another race for Lord Dudley in the Hare Park Handicap of 500*l.* on Thursday. As Gold had run Donovan to half a length for the July Stakes, 5 to 1 was laid upon him for the Chesterfield Stakes. Mr. D. Baird's Hamptonia, who had been unplaced to Hortense for the Exeter Stakes on the previous day, made the running, and, to the horror of the layers of odds on the favourite, Cannon was seen riding hard on Gold while Warne was sitting quite still upon Hamptonia as they came up the hill. Gold ran very gamely under punishment, collared the filly, and just made a dead heat of it in the last stride. He was carrying 7 lbs. extra, but it is difficult to believe that he is only 7 lbs. better than Hamptonia, when one remembers his race with

Donovan for the July Stakes and his victories in the Woodcote Stakes and the Ascot Biennial. He was probably out of form in his race with Hamptonia, unless that filly, who cost 1,200 guineas as a yearling, is improving at a miraculous rate. In April, Lord Londonderry's Hazlethatch had been beaten very easily by Cotillon, when giving him 10 lbs., but now he beat Cotillon by half a length, at even weights, for the Midsummer Stakes of 830*l*. It does not seem likely, however, that this big chestnut colt will fulfil his two-year-old promise, at least for some time to come.

On the Friday, George Barrett got a terrible fall in his first race after the renewal of his license; but he was apparently none the worse for it. Two horses came down in the scrimmage, and one of them had to be destroyed immediately afterwards. The jaded mare, Braw Lass, won the July Handicap under the heaviest weight, after starting at 10 to 1. A year ago she started first favourite for this very race, and was beaten in a canter. As she was now giving 17 lbs. each to Ice and Felix, it was a very fair performance, although she only won by a neck. She must have lost her backers a small fortune since she ran Minting to a neck for the Middle Park Plate three years ago. Another uncertain horse, Simon Pure, who had once beaten Orbit at even weights, won a Selling Plate by a head from old Fast and Loose. The weather during the meeting was, for the most part, wet and disagreeable, and the racing, with two or three exceptions, was of but moderate interest.

Some of the sales at the July Meeting must have been disappointing to breeders; on the other hand, many would-be purchasers were disappointed at the sale of nine of the Blankney yearlings in a lot for 10,000*l*. to Lord Calthorpe some weeks before the rest were put up to auction. Five of the remainder that were now sold averaged 700 guineas apiece. Lord Gerard sold the stallion Sweetbread by private contract to Count Szapary, it was said for 7,000 guineas, to go to the Imperial Stud at Kisber, in Hungary. Captain Machell gave 1,200 guineas for one of his yearlings at the Leybourne Grange sale. At the sale of the Yardley yearlings Mr. Douglas Baird gave 2,300 guineas for a colt by Sterling out of Hypatia, and on the following day he gave 2,600 for a yearling brother to Energy. Large as these prices may appear, they are said to have been exceeded within the last few weeks by the sale of a yearling for 7,600*l*. in California.

The first day's racing, this week, at Liverpool was chiefly remarkable for the success of the stock of FitzJames in five races out of eight. There are few, if any, better-bred stallions at the stud. The victory of Sir R. Jardine's Stronvar for the St. George's Stakes was a contradiction of his previous public form. The Liverpool Cup was won by Satiety, who was meeting Ashplant, Phil, Exmoor, Woodland, and others, at great disadvantages, at weight for age. Students of public form may well exercise their minds by calculating how much below the best three-year-old form of the year Satiety should be on this and his other running.

THE COLISEUM IN LONDON.

A DELUGE of rain prevented the somewhat stately pageant taking place on Saturday which was to have signalized the opening of the "Coliseum" at the Italian Exhibition, and it was decreed at the last moment that the "Emperor Titus and the Empress his consort"—we were hitherto under the impression that Titus was a bachelor, but that is a detail—were prevented from making their appearance in their State-box, and the five hundred gladiators, wrestlers, vestal virgins, and possibly early Christians engaged for the diversion of the Imperial couple, were doomed to remain in the back premises behind the spacious arena. The distinguished audience expressly invited to behold them went home damp and discomfited, and for several days Titus and his "consort"—surely the lady must be our old and slightly irregular friend Berenice?—were invisible to the ordinary of mortals. With the first sunshine, however, forth they came, and the British public, filling the seats allotted to it, received them with immense applause and every demonstration of cordiality, all the greater when it was discovered that the worthy Emperor and the lady who shares his throne *pro tem.*, were very evidently of Anglo-Saxon race. The attempt made by Mr. J. R. Whitley and his colleagues to give visitors to the Italian Exhibition a fair idea of what kind of entertainment was popular in old Rome in the days of the Cæsars is unquestionably successful, especially so when seen by night, for the Coliseum at West Brompton, like the ruins of Melrose, looks best by "pale moonlight," or its excellent substitute the electric. The arena where last season Buffalo Bill and his Indians disported themselves, has been masked by an exceedingly clever painting representing the interior of just such an arena as was frequently to be met with in the smaller Roman cities; for, although it is exactly the size of the Coliseum, its greatest length being 620 feet by 513 feet in breadth, it is not sufficiently lofty to be "an exact" reproduction of the mightiest amphitheatre of antiquity. The illusion is enhanced by a crowd of persons in Roman dresses filling the first and second rows of seats and mingling with the "dummies" and painted figures on the canvas. A sort of Imperial *loggia* or box, elaborately decorated and draped, to the left is reserved for Titus and his court, who open proceedings by entering the arena pro-

cessionally. Then the gladiators, on the sounding of trumpets, appear and fight. Their costumes, made in Milan, are accurate; and the men fight admirably. They combat with wooden and metal swords and tridents, and both on foot and on horseback. They simulate death with excellent effect, and their bodies are duly dragged off in nets by appropriately costumed attendants. Then follow chariot races; and, finally, a sort of drill of budding gladiators, represented by some hundred ladies who usually figure at the Alhambra and Empire and other like places of entertainment. By daylight the defects of the spectacle are rather obtrusive. The costumes, though rich and well designed, do not bear close inspection; and the chariots are only too obviously constructed of wood and cardboard. Still, when the sun shines the scene is very picturesque, and quite transports one back to olden times and to our school days and books. At night all is changed. The defects of detail vanish, and the sight is well worth seeing, being surprisingly good and interesting, and containing at every turn subjects worthy of an artist's attention. The Rembrandt-like effects of light and shade and the perfect illusion of the background are all excellent. The only fault the most hypercritical could find is with the brass band, which is the reverse of impressive or tuneful, and its strident discords dispel the illusion produced by the shifting scenes in the arena, which are frequently most impressive.

LA TOSCA.

LA TOSCA is, for more reasons than one, unworthy not only of M. Sardou's reputation, but even unfit to be put on any stage. A leading motive of the play is weak. Cesare Angelotti—in attempting to save whom Mario Caravadosi comes to his own death and occasions the death likewise of his mistress, Floria Tosca, the prima donna—is merely a stranger who chances to come across the young painter, and to ask his assistance; whereas in a well-constructed play there would be a stronger bond between the men. But this is comparatively a trifle. M. Sardou is to blame because he is diffuse, because his materials are for the most part worn, because his dialogue is disgusting, and chiefly because, in the third act, when Mario is tortured by Scarpia's attendants to make him divulge the secret of Angelotti's hiding-place, the dramatist condescends to the coarsest and vulgarest methods known to the stage for causing sensation at any price. The scene in which Mario's screams of agony are heard, and he is presently brought in with bleeding wounds on his temples where the steel spikes have been screwed into his flesh, is neither powerful, nor dramatic, nor anything whatever except vulgar and revolting. It is a marvel that a dramatist of M. Sardou's nice perception and scrupulous taste should have so degraded his art; for, if the cries of tortured prisoners are to be heard and their gory wounds exhibited, if the representation of physical suffering is to be permitted, where can the line be drawn? M. Sardou's principal object in writing *La Tosca* doubtless was to provide a character for Mme. Bernhardt, which she can carry easily from place to place, and in which, before the inevitable death-scene, she can portray the strongest possible emotions and passions. He lingers long on the way. In the first act we have only the light-hearted interview between the Tosca and her lover, in which she has to show just a shade of the jealousy that Scarpia afterwards uses for his own purposes; and such scenes as this other actresses can play quite as charmingly as Mme. Bernhardt. Nor is much progress made in the second act, where Scarpia awakens her suspicions of Mario's fidelity while the singer is awaiting the Queen's arrival in the apartment of the Palazzo Farnese. These two long acts make half the play, and it is not till they are over that Mme. Bernhardt's opportunity comes. We would not have the dramatist plunge his heroine into the heats of passion the moment she enters the scene, but we must confess to having found this first half of the play decidedly tedious.

In the third act, however, comes the climax of the incident which the dramatist has been steadily and at considerable length evolving. Floria has followed Mario to the villa, has learnt that his companion is not the Marchesa Attavanti, but her brother Cesare. He is hidden in the well. Scarpia, close on the Tosca's track, has reached the villa, and Mario is sternly ordered into an adjoining room. M. Sardou has occupied nearly two hours in bringing this about, and it is, of course, a notable opportunity for an actress of Mme. Bernhardt's powers. It seems to us that M. Berton does much to spoil the scene by his violence of gesture and energy of voice; but we should perhaps remember that an Englishman's idea of power differs not only from a Frenchman's, but possibly more still from an Italian's. Scarpia is supreme; his will is law; Mario's life is in his hands; and to our thinking all this might be very much more impressively indicated by a stern low tone of voice and a reticence of action. But M. Berton is a Frenchman playing an Italian; so he raises his voice to a shout, strides about the stage, waves his arms, clutches at and throws from him the supplicating or threatening hands of the unhappy Tosca. Scarpia may have been such a man as this, but his proceedings would certainly have been denounced by any English observer as theatrical, the adjective being used in a contemptuous sense. Mme. Bernhardt is undeniably forcible in her portrayal of the conflicting emotions which first impel the Tosca to speak and so save her lover

from the agonies which Scarpia has told her, in full detail, await him if the secret of Cesare's hiding-place is not disclosed, and then to restrain her tongue, for Mario commands and implores her to be silent. The disgust and contempt with which, we confess, the raw-head-and-bloody-bones business inspires us does not prevent our appreciation of the great skill with which, when presently Mario staggers in, M. Dumény realizes the idea of the unhappy man who has just escaped from his persecutors, dazed with pain, desperately excited at the terrible ordeal he has survived, proud that his secret has not been wrung from him, indignant that the woman has yielded. We cannot forgive M. Sardou for what we regard as the vilest and lowest degradation of his art; but we can do justice to the actor, and it seems to us that nothing which Mme. Bernhardt does is more striking than M. Dumény's performance in this scene. Much has been said about Mme. Bernhardt's acting when she first perceives the knife on Scarpia's table, after she has accepted his infamous proposal, and resolves to kill him with the weapon thus provided to her hand. The praise is deserved; but how could an actress with any vestige of dramatic power fail in such a situation? The wandering gaze suddenly arrested, the look of horror giving place to one of determination, are, we were about to say, the commonplaces of acting; but this would not be quite just. They are, however, commonplaces with an actress of any admissible pretension to dramatic strength. So, again, the fierce cry of "Meurs! Meurs! Meurs!" with which Mme. Bernhardt bends over Scarpia when she has stabbed him. It tells; but no actress could miss it. Far better is the restless, half-distraught way in which Floria wanders about the chamber, literally at her wits' end. Another touch of genius is her call to her lover, who lies dead on the ramparts of the castle, but who, as she supposes, is only feigning death. The tone in which she utters his name the second time is marvellously eloquent of apprehension, of fading joy, of growing dread. That one tender, anxious, half-reproachful cry of "Mario!" could only come from a great actress.

As to the play, it is a wonder that it should have been licensed in England. One can only suppose that it is one of Mr. Pigott's "helots."

CHORAL SINGING.

IT has become now quite a common saying that England is one of the most musical of nations. The general reason given for this statement is the multiplicity of concerts, good, bad, and indifferent, given in London and elsewhere. We think further evidence is necessary to prove the fact. Fashion has an immense influence in entertainments of every kind, and the rush to concerts where an infant prodigy is produced, now so prevalent, is rather a proof of love of novelty and excitement than of music. Promising as two or three of the youthful performers are, they cannot equal the riper musician, and we should have thought the public, if they were real connoisseurs, would prefer to keep their listening powers for the very best music within reach, instead of these *lusus nature*.

We turn with pleasure to the contemplation of the progress of choral singing amongst all classes, which is an undeniable fact. Compare the Handel Festival of this year with the first which took place some thirty years ago. Then it was absolutely necessary to employ a large number of paid professionals; this year the chorus was almost entirely amateur. Again, the Italian opera chorus, notwithstanding their style of singing being unsuited to Handel's works, were quite necessary at these Festivals from their regular training and habit of singing together; now their employment is a thing of the past, and certainly the choruses this year were superior to anything we have heard before at the Crystal Palace. We hear that Mr. Augustus Harris in his present Italian Opera Company prefers the services of English to Italian chorus singers, owing to their being more to be relied upon and painstaking. Such is the advance of music in England. The enormous chorus at the Handel Festival, numbering over three thousand performers, is formed round the nucleus of the Crystal Palace Choir. There is so much good music to be heard and musical instruction of every kind to be found at Norwood, Sydenham, and the neighbourhood, that they have become favourite resorts for musicians, who nobly sing as volunteers in this choir. They are supplemented by members of different choral Societies all over England—from Leeds, Birmingham, the Sacred Harmonic in London, the Albert Hall, and all our great choirs, including the Guildhall School of Music, which has deservedly earned a decided prestige in training musicians. Even the so-called purely amateur societies, formed from the idle and rich classes, which are thought not to be thoroughly in earnest, rise to the occasion, and the Bach Choir, Handel Society, &c., all furnish excellent recruits, who are able to pass severe tests of their capabilities. One hundred and fifty clergymen were in the choir this year, not including those in the orchestra, and a host of most efficient managers and attendants did an amount of what sometimes must be very disagreeable work, giving their services for the pure love of the cause. As may be supposed, with a body of singers of these dimensions, a great deal must depend on the individual members and their knowledge of music. First-rate conductor as Mr. Manns is, he cannot possibly give more than the most general instructions to his choir. He was

obliged to stand at rehearsals on a platform in the centre of Exeter Hall, every nook and cranny of which, upstairs and downstairs, was crowded with nothing but the choir, only aided by a pianoforte accompaniment, which sounded weak, although ably played by Mr. Eyre, the organist of the Crystal Palace. His voice was quite inaudible in a great part of the building, so that the delicate "nuances" necessarily depended on the intelligence of the singers, only guided by the conductor's wonderful bâton. The vocal parts in this huge choir were pretty nearly equally divided, 800 each of soprano, alto, and basses, and 750 tenors. Even the deficiency of 50 voices in the tenors a little marred the quite equal balance of the parts, although, on the whole, the choruses at the Crystal Palace were splendidly rendered. It is curious how much rarer a tenor voice seems to be than any other, this fact being a great stumbling-block in most choral Societies. In remote country places apparently the alto voice is the rarest, but we believe that this arises from want of training and incapacity for taking parts, not from the voice, as all untrained trebles, whether soprano or alto, find singing the so-called air simplest. The Diocesan Choral Festival at Exeter Cathedral on the 3rd of July showed this pretty plainly; for in the female contingent, which came naturally from the purely rural districts, the proportion of alto were only one-seventh of the soprani. The number of performers was over a thousand, mostly men and boys; and of course in the latter alto were again in the minority. It was a most impressive service, aided by the Marine band at Plymouth. The Canticles were composed by Mr. Loyd, of Christ Church, Oxford, the anthem by Sir John Goss. Mr. Wood was the organist, and Mr. Royland Smith's conducting gained great credit. The universal advance of choral singing was very evident, even from last year, although Devonshire is not considered one of the musical counties. In many of the village choirs the members had to learn without any preliminary knowledge of notes, time, or music at all, and it was wonderful with what precision and tune they took up their parts, and how evidently they enjoyed it, many giving up a whole day's earnings for the pure love of music. We venture to think that when the effect of the grant in elementary schools for those who learn music, not only by ear but by note, comes fully into working order, we shall be able completely to hold our own in music against any other nation.

"THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA."

M. ERNEST JACOB, the popular panoramist of Paris, so well known for his "Reichshoffen," his "Buzenval," his "Prise de la Bastille"—the last a wonderful feat in realism, despite the anachronism of an "Invalides" with its gilded dome—and remembered in London for his vivid presentation of "Bal-clava" in Leicester Square, is now once more among us with his diorama of the "Battle of Abu Klea." To those familiar with the extraordinary breadth and "open-air" effects of M. Jacob's works of the kind, this diorama will, we think, prove somewhat disappointing. It is not less vivid than these; it is not less daring as an attempt to project the central figures of a scene; it is not less clear in the telling of the story; but with all this the illusion—the very essence of panorama—is not so complete, as it is in M. Jacob's other works, and in those of his contemporaries, MM. Philipoteau, De Neuville, and Détaillé. It must be recognized at once, however, that this is due rather to a restricted canvas than to any shortcomings on the part of the artist, and that his dominant motive—that of surrounding the British square by a black multitude; of, in other words, emphasizing British heroism by depicting a mere handful of our men contending with masses of the enemy—is as patent and as adroitly presented as anything we have seen in panoramic art. We should expect opinions to vary as to the truthfulness of this detail or of that; as to whether certain characteristics of the opposing tribes are accurately given; as to whether the figure of Colonel Burnaby, which is a prominent feature of the group, is such as he presented to those who fought at his side; as to whether the ground on which the famous fight took place was so open, or so crowded with field-guns and camels and men. But with the artist's correctness of interpretation, with his sound reading of this notable page of our history, we should expect few to disagree. The moment chosen by the artist is at the point when, the scouts having been sent out and the square formed, the enemy came pouring in sooner than expected. The tribes, in numbers nearly ten times as strong as our force, are massed around the Royal Marines and the Royal Sussex; Lord St. Vincent has just received his death-wound; and a party of blacks are creeping round an uncovered corner within range of the Mounted Infantry. The foremost of these blacks are in combat with Colonel Burnaby, whose magnificent form, mounted on horseback, has marked him out as a great "sheik." There is Lord Charles Beresford on the ground, by the side of his "jammed" gun; and in the centre of the square, rearing up in the glow of the desert, are the figures of Sir Herbert Stewart, Sir Charles Wilson, and Colonel Rhodes. Many other familiar figures are indicated, and that is all. M. Jacob might have done more than this in the way of likenesses, and he might even yet improve his picture in this direction. But, when criticism is exhausted over this work, it must be admitted that he has produced a striking general effect, and, as we have said, has

succeeded in conveying a clear idea of the battle. Indeed, as he proceeded, he must have had constantly in his mind a criticism attributed to Count Moltke, who, on reading the account of the famous struggle, is said to have remarked that the English were, if not soldiers, heroes.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

THE present season was brought to an end by the most impressive performance of Beethoven's Mass in D that we have yet heard. Like all Dr. Richter's interpretations of Beethoven, his rendering of the great Mass is distinguished by a comprehensive grasp of every detail, and so great is his power of impressing the composer's intention on those under him that the irritating effect of chance errors of execution is lost in the wide perfection of the whole. It is not possible that this work should ever be performed exactly as Beethoven intended, unless a new race of chorus singers comes into existence. Neither is it, apparently, possible that the intonation of the chorus should be satisfactory throughout. Much credit is, in our opinion, due to the sopranos, who made an unflagging and conscientious fight in a well-nigh desperate cause on Monday last. Marked praise is also due to Mr. Edward Lloyd and Miss Lena Little, in whose singing it would be difficult to select any one passage for special comment. Miss Anna Williams acquitted herself well of a difficult task, although her singing was somewhat wanting in intuition. Mr. Henschel's singing was musicianly and careful, but we have heard him in better voice. It is much to be regretted that the difficulties of execution with which the work abounds are such that performances of it must be few and far between, and that we can hardly ever hope to hear it given under the conditions which Beethoven had in view in composing it. No work has ever been produced with deeper religious fervour or a more earnest desire to raise the hearts of those who should hear it. It is out of place in a concert-room, but it is in the detestable nature of modern things that an adequate rendering of it can hardly be obtained in any other place. The prevailing spirit of the work is utterly free from any trace of dogma or even of religious form, and is as intensely personal as anything that he ever wrote. The Promethean sentiment which prevails in the greatest of his symphonies is here met with in an even more marked form, and the marvellous writing of the "Agnus Dei," in which the orchestra is put to such a splendidly human use, is a revelation of the soul and life of Beethoven.

To turn to the two preceding concerts; we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Edward Lloyd for his dramatic and masterly singing in the closing scene from the first act of *Siegfried*. We can hardly congratulate Mr. William Nicholl in the part of Mime, whose name it has pleased the English translator to transform to "Mimi" in the programme—a feat which is puzzlingly suggestive of Siegfried having gone to look for the fragments of the sword Nothung in the Latin Quarter. The orchestra was in magnificent form, and brought the concert to a close with a performance of the Seventh Symphony, of which it is inadequate praise to say that it was faultless. The last movement in particular was played with a steadiness and fire which we have never heard approached. The remaining numbers of the programme were the Overture to *Oberon*, Bach's Concerto in F Major, one of the most astonishing instrumental inventions in the world, to which somewhat scant justice was done on this occasion. It is, moreover, out of place in a large concert hall, and with such a body of strings as that of which Dr. Richter availed himself.

No better work has been done by the orchestra during the season which has now ended than their performance of the selection made by Dr. Richter from the *Ring*, or their sympathetic rendering of Schumann's great Fourth Symphony at the seventh concert of the series, when Saint-Saëns's symphonic poem, *Le Rouet d'Omphale*, was performed by them for the first time. It was conducted with perfect delicacy and judgment by Dr. Richter, who did not lose a single thread of the light instrumentation of which this pleasantly anachronistic musical tapestry is woven. We are glad to say that this has been the most brilliant and successful season of the Richter Concerts, and we may hope that the slow growth of civilization in the concert-going public may in time do away with the inexcusable and intolerable habit which still prevails of entering or leaving the concert-room during the performance.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THERE are certain circumstances—which it is needless, as it would be premature, to discuss—connected with the performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Savoy on Wednesday that considerably increased the interest aroused by these annual performances of the pupils of the Royal College of Music. Nothing is more natural than that the praiseworthy efforts of the executive and staff of the Royal College of Music in this direction should suggest the establishment of a national school of operatic training. While, however, no such scheme has, so far, been published, it were as idle to anticipate its characteristics as to speculate on the aims of its promoters. That this particular branch of musical education has

been grievously neglected in the past is altogether beyond dispute. It is an old and familiar complaint that we have possessed the material and known not how to fashion it to artistic ends. The rendering of Nicolai's delightful music at the Savoy was not only very creditable to those concerned with the preparation and production of the opera, but it was also full of encouragement and promise when compared with the two previous ventures, the *Water-carrier* of Cherubini and *Der Freischütz*. Meritorious as those performances were, that of Wednesday was decidedly in advance of them as a whole. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was an extremely happy choice for the occasion. The music is, indeed, vitally dramatic. It abounds in irresistible opportunities for the display of vocal and dramatic capacity. Certain scenes are charged with the very spirit of the Shakspearian comedy. A delightful example is the opening scene where Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page compare the letters of the amorous Falstaff and concoct their merry plot. The exhilarating music was charmingly sung by Miss Annie Roberts and Miss Emily Squire, while "the humour of it," as Page says after Nym, was admirably reinforced by the acting of both young ladies. The agreeable voice and excellent method of Miss Roberts were combined with a delicacy of expression in the duet with Ford that is rare indeed, except with artists of experience. The part of Anne Page was gracefully filled by Miss Maggie Davies, whose soprano voice is of good quality and considerable compass. In the rather exacting duet with Fenton, Miss Davies sang with intelligence and feeling seldom found in beginners. Mr. David Price, in the part of Ford, proved to be, as we anticipated last year, a singer whose advancement is tolerably certain. He has a capital voice, a good stage presence, and as actor and singer showed real distinction. Mr. Lionel Kilby, as Fenton, gave a discreetly fervid reading of the lover's part, though his voice was inartistically produced. Mr. W. C. Milward's Falstaff was not without a very pleasant insight into the humour of the character, though from a vocal point of view it left much to desire. Mr. Adams-Owen's Page was promising, and the minor parts of Dr. Caius and Master Slender were capably filled by Mr. G. M. Fermor and Mr. Alfred Peach. In the last act the fairy revels in Windsor Park were enacted by children in a pretty ballet arranged by Mme. Katti Lanner for her pupils. As on previous occasions, the orchestra was under Professor Villiers Stanford's conduct, and played with excellent effect.

THE SILVER FÊTE.

WITH a benevolent purpose not easy to overpraise—that of raising three thousand pounds for the Victoria Hospital for Children—the Silver Fête was devised; and those who have lent to the enterprise their patronage and aid, if they should be disappointed in the results produced by unfavourable weather, have every right to congratulate themselves on their effort to carry out their philanthropic aim. In the attempt to amuse a curious public at famine prices, nothing seems to have been forgotten. All the celebrities of the day have been engaged at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition to advance the cause; and, if famous names over stalls, the romantic interest attaching to theatrical notabilities, and the novel and intoxicating influences of a Richardson's Show, an Eldorado, a Maypole Dance, and a Merry-Go-Round (to the tune of the "Boulangier March") still retain their old attractions, then the Silver Fête should have brought more than the three thousand pounds which all concerned have so loyally done their utmost to raise.

REVIEWS.

WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER.*

MR. WEMYSS REID may justly claim the credit of having first made known Mr. Forster to his contemporaries. Discoveries of the real character and worth of men who have played a great part in their time are usually reserved for a future and sometimes a distant generation. The impostor passes muster in his own age; the patriot and the philanthropist are often left under a cloud of misunderstanding or a load of obloquy. There is no good reason why the principle of the great charter, that to no man should right or justice be denied or delayed, should not have its application to posthumous reputation. The surviving members of Mr. Forster's family have done well in collecting the copious materials for a biography of him which he had accumulated and preserved. They have done equally well in putting them into the hands of Mr. Wemyss Reid, who unites to an intimate personal acquaintance with Mr. Forster a large, and for the most part accurate, knowledge of contemporary politics and politicians, and trained literary skill. Throughout his narrative, dealing often at great length and in much detail with complicated political transactions, he has kept well in mind the fundamental consideration that he

* *Life of the Right Hon. William Edward Forster.* By T. Wemyss Reid. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1888.

is a biographer and not an historian. The personality of his hero disentangles itself from the events in which he was only one of the actors, and maintains its prominence among the associates, some of them his equals, one or two of them his superiors, who are grouped about him. It is a favourite idea with historians and biographers of a distant time or of men long dead that, if they could be transported, even for twenty-four hours, to the past of which they write, they would know more about it than any documents have taught them. If they could add this knowledge, no doubt it would be well; but simply to exchange knowledge would be loss. "How it strikes a contemporary" is usually in the wrong way. History is the great court of appeal for the revision, and often the reversal, of the judgments of the day given as in a court of first instance. Men to whom the figure of Mr. Forster was familiar as he slouched along the streets, or lounged in ungainly fashion on the front Ministerial or Opposition bench in the House of Commons, or sprawled on sofas or ottomans in drawing rooms, as if he were emulous of imitating, within the limits practicable for human dimensions and earthly conditions, the attitude of Milton's hero, who, while "talking to his nearest mate, with head uplift," as to "his other parts besides, prone on the flood, extended long and large, lay floating many a rood"; those even who had the opportunity of more or less intimate conversation with him on political and other subjects, who knew him in the card-room of the Athenæum or Reform Club, in the lobby of the House of Commons, or even with less than perfect familiarity in his own home, will recognize how much they have to learn and to unlearn from Mr. Reid's biography.

Mr. Reid is particularly hurt by two criticisms on Mr. Forster which seem to him to impugn his perfect sincerity, but which, when properly limited and interpreted, do not assail it. His manner and tones in the House of Commons and on the platform appear to have been spoken of as recalling the stage Yorkshireman. Neither by birth nor by immediate descent, on either side, did Mr. Forster belong to Yorkshire, though there was a strain of Yorkshire blood in him which perhaps asserted itself after many generations. Mr. Forster was, perhaps, conscious of a certain uncouthness of tongue and ungainliness of person and movement, a kind of roughness of mind and bearing, which he had the good sense and sincerity not to attempt to overlay by false refinements. *Bourgeois* in the roots of his character, he shrank from the affectation of being the *bourgeois gentilhomme*. This resolution led him, not perhaps altogether unconsciously, into some over-emphasis and exaggeration of his peculiar qualities. If he acted a character—and all public life, everything which is done under the eyes and in the hearing of large bodies of men, is more or less acting—he was also the character which he acted. He personated himself, if we may so express ourselves, adding only those heightening touches and those scenic effects which are essential in every public performance, whether in St. Stephen's or in Drury Lane and the Lyceum. "The art itself was nature." If there was a slight element of artifice in it, there was less than there would have been in the attempt to lay aside the characteristics which he asserted.

Mr. Forster was sometimes spoken of as the type of the trimmer in modern politics. In a letter to his friend Mr. R. H. Hutton, who seems to have echoed this common criticism, he shows himself deeply wounded by the imputation. The word has acquired a bad sense, but in the meaning in which the first and the greatest of the trimmers accepted and gloried in the term, it is not incompatible with, and indeed even involves high qualities of character and statesmanship. Mr. Forster was a man above all things honestly bent on seeing and on recognizing in speech and action both sides, or rather all sides, for there are usually a good many more than two, of every question. To take a half-truth, or usually a still smaller fraction of it, for the whole truth was not his way. Unconditional assent and blind partisanship were impossible to him. His language was frequently that of reserve and qualification. His action tended often to compromise, not between truth and falsehood, or right and wrong, but between imperfectly reconciled truths and conflicting rights. He trimmed the balance by supplying neglected considerations. He may sometimes have pushed to an extreme this habit of his mind which had its origin in his mental integrity and clear-sightedness. His disposition to find a common ground for opponents, and to balance a concession in one direction by a concession in another, may have led him occasionally into an over use of the arts of management, his adroitness in which he exaggerated, as he may have exaggerated his very limited skill as a whist-player. But his infirmity in this respect was the shadow thrown by his strength; and the arts and even artifices which sometimes led men to doubt his sincerity really had their origin in it.

Men who have followed closely the political career of Mr. Forster, and whom necessity or choice has acquainted with the controversies in which he was engaged, will find that they have still something to learn from Mr. Wemyss Reid's volumes. All the truth cannot as yet be spoken. Much correspondence must for a time remain unprinted. But what has been made known throws a good deal of light on the characters of public men, and on the sources of policy, and suggests that further disclosures, when the time comes for making them, will materially qualify, if they do not altogether reverse, some current popular estimates. But the main charm of the present book lies in the glimpses which it affords of the growth and formation of a remarkable and unique character. Forster is more interesting

than his work; and in the opening and concluding chapters of these volumes, which deal with his life before he entered Parliament, and with the few months of his withdrawal from it during his last and fatal illness, another Forster is revealed to us than he whom the world thought it knew. There is a real romance beneath the sober and drab-coloured narrative of Forster's early Quaker years. The attachment which sprang up between the well-born, accomplished, and beautiful daughter of an old and wealthy English house, and the poor wandering Quaker preacher, heavy and ungainly in form, and, except under the persistent sense of duty and the impulse of momentary enthusiasm, sunk in a strange lethargy and paralysis of mind, body, and will; their marriage, their humble and almost poverty-stricken life; their devotion to each other, and to what they deemed the higher claims of mission work which separated them often for months and sometimes for years, is a story almost too strange for fiction, though not too strange to be true. In Forster's character, with the dogged purpose and almost obstinate and self-willed sense of duty of the father, the keen vivacity and quick intellectual interests of the mother were blended. He was in the habit of regretting that he had missed what he perhaps correctly viewed as the best discipline for political life—the training of the public schools and Universities of England, which probably have done as much service in statesmanship as the playing-fields of Eton rendered in war. But his own training among the rougher realities of life in the poorer middle classes of this country, the struggle of his vigorous will and intelligence with the hardship of circumstances, and his gradual emancipation from the half-dead formulas and the unconscious cant of a sect, with its somewhat vapid theo-philanthropy and cosmopolitan humanitarianism, until he became, more than any of his contemporaries, the type of a healthy national feeling and of a genuine patriotism of the old English fashion—all this has an interest for the reader greater than the story of a life passing through the usual apprenticeship to politics, through the ordinary incidents of a Parliamentary and official career.

Forster's education, outside his cottage home at Bradford, was received in various Quaker schools, and, including a period at which he read with a private tutor at Norwich, lasted until he was eighteen years of age. He was fairly equipped in Greek and Latin; his characteristic ardour in grappling with definite problems, capable of definite solutions, made him an enthusiastic mathematician. But his main interest, foreshadowing his future career, was in history and the newspapers. Visits to his uncle, Mr., afterwards Sir, Thomas Fowell Buxton, kept alive his interest in the politics of the day. A letter written in "4 mo. 3rd day, 1835," giving an account of a sitting in the House of Commons, is curious both in its parallelisms and its contrasts with a letter of Mr. Disraeli's describing to his sister his impressions of the House. The impulse to a political career was strong in Mr. Forster from the first; and he desired to adopt the bar as his profession as offering a pathway to the House of Commons. But the father's views for the son were not the son's views for himself, and the young Forster submitted, not without pain but without murmuring, to the paternal decision in this and in other cases in which it disappointed his natural hopes. The offer of the post of private secretary to his uncle, Fowell Buxton, whom Forster greatly assisted in the labours connected with his anti-slavery crusade, and a proposal that he should join the Niger Expedition, met with an equally positive veto. It was resolved that he should follow trade. He entered the office of Mr. Robberds, of Norwich, where, with characteristic thoroughness, he learned the art of weaving, "producing a piece of camlet for his own wear, and another piece which he presented to his friend, Mr. Joseph John Gurney, by whom it was converted into a cape for out-of-door use." Afterwards in the establishment of Messrs. Pease, at Darlington, he "thoroughly settled into wool-sorting, with my slip-paper cap, and shears." "Employment, dirty drudgery; standing, tiring; bear it heroically because I hope it will do me good." At Norwich and Darlington he received the training which led to his establishing himself as a manufacturer at Bradford, where during fourteen years he acquired the fortune, and where in public and philanthropic labours he showed the qualities and acquired the experience, which enabled him ultimately to win his way to and in Parliament.

Mr. Reid gives many interesting glimpses of what theologians would call the inner life of Forster during these *Lehrjahre*, which, seeing they included his two visits to Ireland during the famine, and to France during the Revolution of 1848, may also be called his *Wanderjahre*. In 1837, after writing an essay on capital punishment, which the booksellers rejected, and competing for a prize of fifty pounds for an essay offered by the Aborigines Society, he feels constrained to say, "*Pickwick* is my great comfort." In 1837 *Pickwick* was a universal consolation. In 1838 he met Hartley Coleridge, and listened with delight to his conversation and poems. "But, poor fellow, I had the greatest difficulty to keep him sober. But I did so." In the same year he asks his parents to send him Abbott's *Trigonometry*, Hamilton's *Conic Sections*, Lacroix's *Differential Calculus*, and, above all, Taylor's *Elements of Algebra*. The following year his petition is for "my chessmen, Shakspeare, and Percy's *Reliques*." He studied the writings of Coleridge and Emerson, read Carlyle "vehemently," and brings into one view Arnold, Jeremy Bentham, and Goethe. "What a trio! A faithful portraiture of these three, their agreements and contrasts, would include almost all the phases and contrasts of at least the

European mind. They are fair preachers and representatives of the three contending gospels of Expediency, Art, and Christianity." He made the acquaintance of Robert Owen and Thomas Cooper the Chartist, of the Carlyles, of F. D. Maurice, of John Sterling, and Emerson. We find him proposing to the editor of the *Westminster Review* as alternate subjects for articles—(1) Quakerism, (2) Professor Maurice as a theologian (the essay was rejected as being too Christian), (3) Spencer's "Social Statics" (Mr. Reid prints it Social Status), and (4) the Kaffir war. He wrote for this *Review*, also, essays on "Slavery," on "British Philanthropy and Jamaica Distress," on "Strikes and Lock-outs," and on the "Foreign Policy of the United States," while to the *Edinburgh* he contributed an article on the "Autocracy of the Czars." No idea can be untruer than the common one that Forster was a man of rough, uncultivated sagacity. His mental training was varied and thorough. It has been said that as Homer gives as much space to the arming of his warriors as he does to their exploits in arms, so the biographer's business is to narrate the intellectual arming of his hero at least as fully as his achievements. Mr. Reid has not neglected this duty, and it is this part of his work which possesses the greatest novelty, though what remains, as we hope to show in a subsequent article, is full of interest and importance.

NOVELS AND TALES.*

IN spite of some exaggeration the characters in *Eve* are for the most part drawn with a skill not unworthy of the author of *John Herring*. The contrast between the two half-sisters, Barbara and Eve, is excellently worked out. Barbara, though by no means faultless, is full of unselfishness and high principle, a good housekeeper, "and in all things reliable"; her younger sister, a beautiful girl, who inherits from her mother æsthetic tastes and a strong desire for a theatrical career, is childish, untruthful, and selfish, but at the same time pure-minded and capable of daring much for the sake of a rascal who had captivated her wayward fancy. Like many excellent people, Barbara was too much given to managing. As she is supposed to be devoted to Eve, whom she lectures on her want of self-respect, it is a mistake to make her abet her father in driving her sister to engage herself to Mr. Coyshe, a vulgar and self-sufficient village surgeon. Indeed her behaviour in this matter is perhaps the most serious flaw in the book. As her sister did not seem inclined to choose a husband out of her many suitors, she came to the highly reprehensible conclusion that it was her business to choose one for her, and as she considered that Eve needed discipline, "made up her mind that she was to become Mrs. Coyshe." Eve, instead of at once assenting to the proposition "You are a dear, good girl, who will elect what is most pleasing to your father and sister, and promises greatest happiness to yourself," and going downstairs to accept Coyshe, twists a pocket-handkerchief into a "white rabbit" and throws it at her sister, whereupon Barbara waxes indignant, and says, "You are not fit to choose for yourself. Come along with me. Papa and I will settle for you as is best. You want a master who will bring you into order, and, if possible, force you to think." Now this was scarcely the way to secure Eve's happiness or increase her self-respect. It is also a mistake in taste to make Eve fall in love with her uncle; for, though neither of them is aware of their relationship, the reader knows all about it, and so a specially disagreeable element is introduced into the record of the girl's foolish attachment to a villain. For this uncle, Martin Babb, is the villain of the book, an escaped convict, who rather unaccountably hangs about the neighbourhood of his former prison, and makes the lives of those who help to conceal him burdensome by threatening to give himself up unless he is fed on ducks and green peas. Although we do not hear much of Eve's grandfather, Ezekiel Babb, he is one of the author's best creations—a hard, greedy old man, who makes his religion—he is of the Baptist persuasion—an excuse for his cruelty and wickedness. Looking back on the advantages he had lost by marrying a girl for her beauty when he might have got some property by marrying a certain Tamsine Bovey, he says, "I was not a converted man then. Afterwards, when the word of God was precious to me, and I saw that I might have had Tamsine Bovey and Buncombe, then I was sorry and ashamed. But it was too late. The eyes of the unrighteous are sealed. I was a fool. I married that dancing girl." He drives his children from his house by his harshness, and when they take to evil courses, congratulates himself with the reflection, "The Son of Peace has returned to this house; I can read my Bible and do my accounts in quiet, without fear of what new bit of mischief or devilry my children have been up to." The account of the capture of the convict Martin, and the scene in which Barbara and Eve help Martin's brothers to amuse the warders, in order

to give the prisoner an opportunity of escaping from his place of confinement, are really delightful. As a whole, however, the story, though by no means dull, is not equal either in interest or in artistic finish to the author's earlier novels. The only mystery that runs through the book, the fate of Eve's mother, is not brought sufficiently forward in the course of the narrative to make the reader care about its solution, and the mode in which it is solved, and the story virtually brought to a close, is clumsy and melodramatic.

According to Mrs. John Croker, it would seem that English parents living in India are mistaken in thinking it necessary for their children's health to have them brought up in England, or even to send them to the hills during the hot season. For the young lady who gives her name to *Diana Barrington*, after living from infancy to the age of eighteen in a lonely bungalow on a river in Central India, was so far from being enervated with the climate that she was a "hardy girl in excellent training"; she thought little of shooting hyenas, astonished cavalry officers by her bold riding, and took the shine out of Captain Sadler and his celebrated horse Dandy Jim in a hurdle-race. As regards looks, though she modestly declares that her "face was pale and colourless and her features sharp," she had beauty enough to win plenty of admirers as soon as she emerged from the jungle, where she lived with her father, "a ripe Oriental scholar," who wore a sash and turban and was called the "Tiger Lord," and an old Irish nurse of whom we get rather more than enough. Diana's history, which she is supposed to relate herself, would be more interesting if it was told more succinctly, if all the events and conversations that lead to nothing were cut out of it. As it is, however, it forms a lively book that can be read without the smallest intellectual exertion, and that admits of a fair amount of skipping. The behaviour of some of the characters would certainly strike us as extraordinary in real life. Mr. Barrington, for example, who is represented as a man of sense and refinement, merely to gratify a selfish whim, keeps his daughter so entirely shut out from the world that for eighteen years she never saw a white man save her father and an old French priest, never read a novel, and asked the first young officer she met to explain the meaning of the word flirtation. Then he suddenly sends her alone on a visit to people of whom he knew virtually nothing in order that she may "try her wings" and "learn experience," among a decidedly second-rate set of English at a little station called Gurrumpore. Society at Gurrumpore consisted of the officers of a native cavalry regiment, and their female belongings, most of them immediately addicted to slang and scandal. Among these people Diana first "saw the world," and enjoyed the sight mightily. One of the officers was a man of high birth and many excellent qualities. Nevertheless, when he wished to propose to Diana, he spoke in a singularly impertinent manner, calmly telling her that he had been setting his affairs in order because he was "thinking of getting married," and inviting her to guess the name of the lady whom he designed to favour. We regret to say that the artless dweller in the jungle, having at first misunderstood his intentions and unintentionally given him a rebuff, was so afraid of losing her chance that she shortly afterwards invited him to reopen the subject. Diana's fortunes are largely determined by her possession of a splendid diamond necklace, from the centre of which "hung a pendant containing one remarkable stone, that flung forth a lurid flame," and was called the "Evil Eye." This necklace, which was worth about fifteen thousand pounds, was given her by her father with the cheerful remark that it had ever brought ill luck to its owners. Among the many strange incidents of this story we are told how a firm of first-rate jewellers, who advanced Diana four thousand pounds on her necklace, not only exposed it in their shop as the property of a native partner, but actually let it out to an old Armenian lady to wear at a ball. How it came to pass that Diana was forced to pawn her necklace, how she got into all manner of troubles and difficulties, and how at last she was extricated from them may be read in Mrs. Croker's light and gossipy pages.

The Child of Stafferton is in some sort a sequel to Canon Knox Little's earlier tale, *The Broken Vow*, for Lady Dorothy of Ravensthorpe, "the daughter of the famous Lady Dorothy," plays some part in it. The story, as far as its natural scenes and personages are concerned, is pleasant and graceful, though somewhat deficient in interest and vigour of treatment. Lady Mary, whose "strength, simplicity, and goodness" are impressed upon us in the preface, fails to excite our admiration; for she marries a man whom she did not love, and who was old enough to be her father. She did this from a sense of duty, and consoled herself by engaging in good works, and especially by building a "chantry chapel" to her parish church, and hanging an "ever-burning lamp" in it. With all respect to Canon Knox Little's opinion on such matters, we think that, as certain legal difficulties must have prevented the erection of a second altar in the church, her "chantry chapel" and lamp must have presented a slightly ludicrous spectacle. Without being exactly a religious novel, the story contains a good deal about religion; and its main intention seems to be to impress on Anglican readers that, while they ought to feel a "settled love for what is good and beautiful in the Roman Church," they must remember that it is not the "whole Catholic Church," and that they have as good a right to the name of Catholics "as the most devout members of the Latin Communion." Excellent as this doctrine is, we get rather too much of it in these pages. The hero asserts his right to call

* *Eve*. A Novel. By the Author of "John Herring," "Mehalah," &c. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

Diana Barrington: a Romance of Central India. By Mrs. John Croker, Author of "Proper Pride" &c. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

The Child of Stafferton. By W. J. Knox Little, Canon Residentiary of Worcester, and Vicar of Hoar Cross, Staffordshire. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1888.

David Poindexter's Disappearance, &c. By Julian Hawthorne, Author of "Garth" &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

himself a Catholic in an interview with Pius IX., but on the whole the Pope seems to have scored. The book has a great many supernatural, or, as the author chooses to call them, preternatural, incidents, and a murdered child and its wicked uncle appear from time to time all through it. The ghosts do not say or do anything of any special importance, and their appearances, which seem somewhat aimless, only serve to make the tale less real to those who do not believe in spooks. It is a serious fault in the construction of the book that all its supernatural scenes might be cut out without doing any damage to the story.

David Poindexter's Disappearance is the first, and decidedly the best, of seven stories that have all, we think, appeared in American magazines. Two of them deal with love, and are extremely dull. In one, the scene of which is laid at Squittig Point, an elderly gentleman makes love to a girl who is engaged to a young man. He begins by requesting to be considered her "bachelor uncle," wonders through some pages whether his feelings are avuncular, and succeeds in making her "blush and tremble." The right lover turns up suddenly, and the elderly gentleman goes off silently, and sends a cheque as a wedding present. "A Strange Friend," the hero of a most tedious tale, is an English lord, who, while serving in India, became subject to mysterious fits of terror. He hid himself among natives of the lowest class, and gained from them certain occult powers. He turns up in the United States, relates his story to a stranger, at an hotel, and exerts his powers to vindicate the innocence of a deceased lady. Lastly, he appears at Washington "in plain evening dress, except for a star that glittered on his left breast." "Ken's Mystery" is a short and rather powerful story about a vampire lady. The scene is laid in an Irish village, where there was a small fort, the successor of one which might "have been built in the reign of the Black Prince." The garrison consisted of a dozen men, with the ample allowance of "three or four officers," besides non-commissioned officers. Not only are these officers, presumably of the Royal Artillery, all natives of Ireland, but they all talk like Irish peasants, which is, perhaps, almost as remarkable as the experiences of the vampire's lover.

TIN-MINING IN NEW SOUTH WALES.*

THE discovery that the addition of a small proportion of tin to copper produced the tough, hard, durable alloy which we call bronze was a long stride forward in civilization. It must in one respect have had a wider influence than that of the metallurgy of iron, because the ore of tin is of very local occurrence, and any general employment of it implies commerce, with all its mutual influences on mankind. The use of bronze naturally preceded that of iron, for the ores of its components are more easily reducible than those of the other metal that, in the days of Homer's heroes, was still so great a rarity that a large lump of it was worth offering as a prize in their funeral games. In the dreams of poets full four-and-twenty centuries since, the age of bronze preceded that of iron, and followed the ideal ages of gold and silver, which represented "the good old times."

How long it is since tin was discovered we do not know. Bronze weapons and tools are found in peat-mosses and on lake-beds, in the dwelling-places and the tombs of prehistoric peoples. But it is believed, with good reason, that it was supplied first from the south-west of Britain, and that the Cassiterides were either the Scilly Islands or localities on the coast of Cornwall and Devon. For many centuries the monopoly of Cornwall was practically undisputed, and until the present it could hardly be said to have a formidable competitor. But now readily-available stores of mineral wealth are becoming exhausted, while the cost of getting them has increased, and, at the same time, the discovery of new sources of supply has lowered the selling price of the mineral; for it can be conveyed very cheaply to the European markets, by vessels which have exported manufactured goods, and thus can afford to carry back the metal at a very low price, for it serves as ballast. The mines of Saxony and Bohemia in Europe have long enjoyed considerable repute. America also, especially Peru, has for many years forwarded a small supply to the market; but of late important workings have been established in the Malayan Peninsula, in New Zealand, and in Australia. In the last-named tin-mining districts exist both in Queensland and in South Australia, and the volume before us is a monograph on the latter issued by the Department of Mines in the Geological Survey of New South Wales.

Tin, unlike gold, silver, and copper, is not found native; its combinations also are very few. The sulphide occurs, but the only available ore is the oxide, called by mineralogists cassiterite. Of this substance one property, which is economically of great importance, is its high specific gravity. It is about seven times as heavy as water; heavier than most of the metallic ores, and only a little lighter than pure copper. Tin ore is obtained from two sources. It occurs in veins or fissures of variable sizes associated with such minerals as quartz, tourmaline, chlorite, and gilbertite (a variety of mica), and as "stream tin." The latter is an alluvial deposit, the gravel or sands of streams, past or present. The veins usually occur either in granite or some igneous rock of nearly similar

composition, or in sedimentary rocks, into which such rocks have been intruded, and not seldom the ore is found near to the junction of the two rocks. Sometimes the veins are of considerable size—lodes, as they are often called; sometimes very thin, little more than threads. These, however, may be of commercial value, for they not seldom occur close together, and the adjacent rock, especially if granite, is apt to be very rotten. To such the name of "stockworks" is given. But, as a rule, the miner fares best in the case of stream tin, where the process of separation of the ore from the parent rock has been done by the intervention of Dame Nature. She pays no wages to her workmen, and puts no capital into the work except time and energy, and of both her stores, though not inexhaustible, are immense. By the usual agents of denudation, the stanniferous rock is decomposed, the debris is swept along by streams, and the ore, in consequence of its weight, is deposited as soon as their velocity is checked. Hence by this sifting and accumulating process valuable deposits of stream tin may even exist in a district where the lodes are too thin and sparse to repay working.

In the Vegetable Creek Field of New South Wales tin ore is at present chiefly obtained by streaming. It occurs in deposits of three ages, geologically speaking—that is, in lodes presumably formed during one epoch, and in alluvial deposits of recent and of Tertiary age. The geology of the district, as a whole, is interesting, and is clearly and succinctly described in the memoir before us.

The tin-bearing country geologically examined in the Vegetable Creek district has an area of about 800 square miles. It lies some 90 miles away from the coast, about long. 151° 5' E. and lat. 29° 5' S.—that is, in the extreme north of the colony of New South Wales. The district is hilly, everywhere exceeding 1,000 feet above the sea, and the higher summits rise considerably above 3,000 feet. The climate is not exceptionally warm, and there is a moderate rainfall, though it is not quite so heavy as is desirable for mining purposes. The oldest rocks known, which cover an area of 62 square miles, are a granitic and a porphyritic, obviously the same material in different stages of crystallization. An area of nearly four times the size is occupied by Palæozoic rocks, presumed to be of late Silurian age, but the imperfection of their fossils renders precise identification very difficult. To this succeeds another series of granite and porphyritic rocks, which occupy about the same area as the former; and yet later than these is another intrusive granite, which extends over nearly 300 square miles, and in which occur most of the lodes. This rock also is presumed to be Palæozoic. Next, after some dykes of uncertain age and various kinds of rock, comes an important series of Early Tertiary rocks. The upper part is of volcanic origin—sheets of basalt, overlying and sometimes interstratified with beds of decomposed scoria and volcanic dust. Beneath these, as a rule, but occasionally interstratified locally with them, occur the "deep leads," as they are termed by the miners—gravels, sands, and clays, containing the older stream tin. These are determined, by plant remains, to be Early Tertiary in age. They are the remnants of old river deposits, preserved by the capping of volcanic rocks, which has protected the alluvial deposits from the ordinary agents of denudation. Above these Tertiary rocks, and obviously much later in date, come other gravels, also stanniferous. As not only the shells of molluscs still living in the rivers, but also stone weapons of native manufacture, are found in some of these, they must be in such cases, geologically speaking, modern.

This volume contains a careful description both of the stratigraphy and of the petrography of the region, and the latter is much better executed than is often the case in British official publications. We note in it only one survival of the creed which from the days of Murchison till quite lately was regarded as the orthodox, to be professed by every member of a Geological Survey, and to be received without question by the obedient laity—namely, that stratified rocks could be and often had been baked, stewed, or boiled, until all trace of their original structure had departed, and they had been converted into a homogeneous pulp, from which rocks, indistinguishable from those of igneous origin, had crystallized. Mr. David accordingly says, formulating no doubt the creed of his geological childhood:—"This crumbling of the strata was accompanied by intense normal metamorphism, whereby the Silurian claystone and pebble conglomerates were converted into crystalline rocks, showing every gradation of structure, from a slightly crystalline porphyroid to a crystalline granular granite."

The first discovery of tin ore in the New England district was made in 1853 by the late Rev. W. B. Clarke, to whom Australia is so deeply indebted for researches, not only of scientific, but also of economic, value; but it was not till 1872 that the importance of the announcement was recognized. Previously to this the miners in one part of the district engaged in washing for gold had been throwing away the tin ore, and regarding it as a great nuisance, because its weight "made it difficult to remove from the sluice-boxes." It had, indeed, been applied to one, but only one, economic purpose, for the stockmen at a neighbouring station found it an excellent material for cleaning their bits! Now, according to the Report, the stanniferous district of the colony has an extent of about 8,700 square miles, and the total value of ingot tin and ore exported between 1872 and the end of 1885 amounted to 6,934,803*l.*! One result has been that "an obscure corner of a run has been transformed into a prosperous township . . . with an excellent hospital, three churches, one public school, a branch

* *Geology of the Vegetable Creek Tin-Mining Field, New England District, New South Wales.* By T. W. Edgeworth David, B.A., F.G.S., Department of Mines, Geological Survey of New South Wales.

of the Bank of New South Wales, and a Mining Institute, with which last is incorporated a lending library."

The stream tin in the most recent deposits was, of course, the first to be worked. Further prospecting led to the discovery of the "deep leads" beneath the sheets of basalt. These are now worked by means of shafts, sometimes more than a hundred feet deep. And the produce of these ancient valley gravels now far exceeds that of the newer deposits, the productiveness of which has declined since 1881. The tin-veins were discovered by degrees in the course of continued prospecting of the superficial deposits. Hitherto they "have not been fairly tested, and it would be premature as yet to predict their payability and permanence"; but they will probably be valuable. Of another part of the district Mr. Alsed wrote that it was one great "stockwork." The district, as is usual where tin occurs, contains other minerals of interest or of economic value, as gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, manganese, and iron. None of these at present appear to have been seriously worked, and some obviously can never be remunerative. Bismuth, however, and wolfram, which also occurs, seem to offer better prospects. Sapphires of some value have been found, as well as beryl and topaz, which have occasionally been cut, and garnet is abundant, though apparently not generally of value. Extensive deposits of pipeclay occur, as might be anticipated, and of this some use has already been made.

The Report is well drawn up and the press work is excellent. It is illustrated by a large topographical map of the district, on which the geology is indicated, and by nine coloured plates of sections, and by several figures in the text. Full and complete statistics are given relating to the progress of the mining industry; so that the book as a whole is an important addition to our knowledge of the economic geology of New South Wales, and cannot fail to be a valuable work of reference.

ANCIENT MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE.*

THE first point that strikes one in turning over the pages of this book is that its title is somewhat misleading; a large number of the examples given have nothing sepulchral about them—as, for example, Egyptian obelisks, Roman legionary inscriptions, Byzantine crosses used to decorate the walls of buildings, and sculptured slabs from thrones or screens in early churches. The whole collection is a very miscellaneous one, unfortunately devoid of any system of arrangement, either chronological or local; and, what is still worse, lacking in most cases even the smallest amount of accurate information as to what the subject of the plate really is. The whole number of 112 plates has been executed by Mr. Weatherley; and, as there is no text, one cannot but ask why the name of Mr. Brindley should appear on the title-page as a joint-author. On the whole, the plates are carefully drawn, with much artistic spirit and clearness of touch, in spite of their being executed in lithographic chalk, a difficult material to work with, especially when detail to a small scale is wanted. Mr. Weatherley shows great skill in the way he has used this troublesome process, and it is probably not his fault that in some of the prints the lines are rather "rotten" and blurred. The great blot on this work is the disgraceful character of the index, in which both names and dates are blundered and misspelt in the most extraordinary profusion. Orvieto, Ghiberti, and S. Maria Novella are written Orvietto, Ghilberti, and S. M. Novello; Oragna's name is given to sculpture executed long after his death (Plate 126); a fine tomb in the cloister of a well-known church in Rome is stated to be at Monserrato (Plate 160); the tomb of a distinguished servant of the Medici princes is given as that of one of the members of the Medici family itself (Plate 186); the lovely fifteenth-century monument to Bishop Gomiel, of Burgos, in the Sacristy of S. Maria del Popolo, is stated to be of the sixteenth century; and many other blunders are made which might easily have been avoided by a reference to a no more recondite work than a Murray or Baedeker's guide. If possible so serious a blot on an otherwise not unmeritorious work should be got rid of, by cancelling, in as many copies as possible, the existing index, and supplying another which has been looked over by some not quite illiterate person.

The omissions are no less serious; many monuments to distinguished men are illustrated with no word on the title or in the index to say in whose honour they were raised; as e.g. (Pl. 134) the noble recumbent effigy to Cardinal Bainbridge, Archbishop of York, who died and was buried in Rome in 1514, is here illustrated without even his name being mentioned. In many cases the date as well as the name is omitted; and in most of the few cases where a monument is attributed to any special sculptor, the attribution is ludicrously wrong; as a rule, however, no indication whatever of the artist's name is given, in spite of the great additional interest which knowledge on that point gives to any piece of sculpture, and the fact that in a great many of the Italian examples here chosen for illustration, the sculptor's name is a famous one, and is well known to students of mediæval art. These faults, serious as they are, could easily be corrected by the issue of a new index and by the re-arrangement of the plates in something like geographical or chronological order; at the same time separating from the rest those tablets or monuments which are not sepulchral in character. At present this large set of drawings, valuable as they mostly are,

forms a hopelessly chaotic mass, which it is very bewildering to turn over. The drawings of sculpture of pre-Christian date are neither so well executed nor so happily selected as those of later times. The few examples given of Greek sepulchral monuments are very inadequately representative; nor are those of the Roman period much better, being mostly of a late and degraded type. One of the most interesting and well-illustrated classes are those crosses and other pieces of sculpture which are decorated with complicated interlaced patterns of rope-work, such as the screens and ambones of Italy in the sixth and seventh centuries, and the sepulchral monuments of Britain and Ireland in rather later times. Mr. Weatherley gives a very good and carefully drawn selection of these, which enables one to see at a glance how the most closely similar designs were used both in Northern and Southern countries—the result, probably, of the intimate religious connexion between Britain and Italy during the period of the Saxon Heptarchy, ever since the mission of St. Augustine.

The sculpture of Gothic style is illustrated by Mr. Weatherley with unusual spirit and care. His drawing of the fine tomb of Prince John of Eltham, in Westminster Abbey, with its beautiful alabaster recumbent effigy and very delicate statuettes of mourners in the panels of the base, is extremely well executed, in spite of the great difficulty which the author must have experienced in making his drawing of the more perfect side, that which is protected and partially hidden by the oak screen, which separates the chapel from the choir ambulatory. It is interesting, too, to see a restoration of the graceful open canopy which once existed over the effigy—a very beautiful piece of work, which, like much else in Westminster Abbey, fell a victim to the erection of wooden galleries during coronation or other grand ceremonies—a misfortune which recalls to mind the unhappy fate of the Coronation Chair, daubed over with varnish by some ignorant upholsterer at no more distant period than the Queen's Jubilee of 1887.

Those who are acquainted with another of the Westminster treasures—the base of the gold shrine of Edward the Confessor—will be interested to compare it with the tomb on Plate 92—that to the French Cardinal de Braye in the Church of S. Domenico at Orvieto, the joint work of the great Florentine Arnolfo del Cambio and a member of the Roman Cosimati family, one of whom, Peter by name, was the author of the above-named Confessor's shrine, executed a few years before the erection of Cardinal de Braye's monument. Both these monuments have twisted marble columns, inlaid with jewel-like glass mosaics of exactly similar design and workmanship. As a rule, Italian sculpture is not represented with as much care and spirit as Mr. Weatherley exhibits in his drawings of Northern sculpture. This is especially the case with Pl. 93, a very fine marble tabernacle of the school of Oragna in the church of S. Croce at Florence, richly decorated with figures and elaborate bands of foliage. Both the statements in the index with regard to this noble specimen of Florentine fourteenth-century sculpture are blunders; it is not a sepulchral monument at all, and the iron grill which fills its central part is not a later addition. The fact is that this grill is one of the most beautiful examples of fourteenth-century wrought ironwork in Florence, and is of the same date and by the same school of smiths as part of the still more magnificent iron screens round the Scaligeri tombs at Verona.

Another interesting class of sepulchral monuments is that with effigies drawn with deeply-cut incised lines upon marble slabs, in general design and method of execution closely resembling the sepulchral brasses, of which by far the greatest number are to be found in England. In Italy, for example, where brasses of this sort are unknown, the incised marble slabs are very common. Some churches, such as those of S. Maria in Ara Coeli and S. Maria del Popolo in Rome, afford an almost encyclopedic number of examples of lay, clerical, and military costume, ranging from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century. Mr. Weatherley gives some valuable examples, showing that some of the midland counties of England followed this foreign custom of using incised marble, stone, or alabaster rather than brass for sepulchral effigies; and some of these, in style and drawing, so much resemble Italian examples as to suggest a possible introduction into England of either designs or workmen from the South. Tall standing crosses of elaborate form are, owing to their fragile nature and the destructive bigotry of the Reformation, rare in this country, but some very fine foreign examples are given by Mr. Weatherley. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the tall cross on Plate 76, though this, too, is not in any sense a sepulchral monument. It is a churchyard cross from Tarragona, in Spain, executed at the period of transition from the purer Gothic of the fifteenth century to the delicate Renaissance of the beginning of the sixteenth. The small Crucifixion which surmounts the tall shaft is of mediæval style, while the great knob below it, surrounded with minute statuettes and pillared niches, recalls the rich and elaborate work of the early Renaissance silversmith in Northern Spain. Such extreme delicacy of detail in stone is rare in this country, though one or two examples do exist which in a similar way suggest the refined touch of a worker in the precious metals. This is notably the case with the beautiful "Honour Gate" of Caius College at Cambridge, in which many of the details, though worked in no more costly substance than limestone, would not seem heavy or out of place in some massive piece of silver plate. Plates 195 and 196 give some very graceful examples of a kind of grave cross which is almost peculiar to Germany, and even there

* *Ancient Sepulchral Monuments.* By William Brindley and W. S. Weatherley. Brooks & Day.

is rapidly becoming very rare, owing to its perishable nature. These are wrought-iron crosses, designed in complicated forms, with elaborate scroll-work or foliage, all modelled by the smith's hammer with unusual skill and power of invention. In the centre, where the four arms of the cross meet, is usually a small panel, on which the inscription to the dead person is painted or gilt. In many cases this panel is protected by a little iron door, to prevent the letters from being destroyed by rain and rust. Gold and colour were also used to decorate and emphasize the main lines and the foliage of these crosses, so that the whole effect was very rich and telling, though unfortunately very liable to decay.

A good deal of taste and refinement of detail is shown in many of the English tombstones of the last century, such as those on Plates 193 and 194, but some of Mr. Weatherley's later examples—as, for example, the pretentious monument to Sir John Crosse in the church of St. Margaret, Westminster—should be regarded as a warning, and not as an example to be copied by any modern designer of mural tablets. In the main, however, Mr. Weatherley's examples are both well chosen and carefully drawn, and, with the changes suggested above, the whole work would be of value both to students of art and to practical architects.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

IT cannot be denied that if all Mr. Bacon's premisses in his *Beginnings of Religion* are granted it is difficult to resist his conclusions. His method of proving that the beginning of religion was what Christians believe it to have been, is to take the advent of Christ as the fixed epoch with which we are in historical connexion. Ascending from that, the Hebrew records present a more reasonable and dignified account of religion than can be given of any of the other religions of the world, of which he gives a comparative survey. Starting with the assumption that God is the author of these records, and that, therefore, they are "truth un-mixed with error," and resisting the temptation to that "pretended impartiality which is a morbid perversion of the love of truth," his satisfaction on arriving at an inference in strict accord with orthodox belief is perfectly natural. His proof is, as he says, "irresistible," "unanswerable"—to those who were convinced before. But something more might have been expected from the title of his book and from the research which he has evidently bestowed upon it. If he meant to have gone so far back into origins, he should have taken more account of the "misleading prejudice against truth," resting on mere faith, "which all philosophy works even in the most intellectual Christians," and answered the objections of those who assign a different origin to man and to religion. Or, adopting his own plan, he would have had a stronger case if he had gone back to Abraham instead of to Adam, and dated his origin of religion from a time when there was at least one man who knew that the "judge of all the earth must do right." Christianity is in direct historical and religious connexion with Abraham's conviction, and this "Christian Hypothesis" is a smaller demand upon faith than the least of Mr. Bacon's many assumptions.

Gospel Ethnology is an attempt to show that there is no race and hardly any family of man that has not accepted the Gospel; that there is no reason why all should not accept it, for they are all of one blood, as microscopists have shown, and their spiritual is as evident as their physical unity; that no difficulties in the propagation of the faith can be expected in the future which have not been met and mastered in the past, and that the Gospel is destined to spread from pole to pole. Mr. Pattison is an enthusiast, and

regards the prospects of Christianity with the eye of faith, but the experience of missionary enterprise, he says, gives him a reason for the hope that is in him; and the list of thirty-two "races or families" of men, of which he gives a good many specimen portraits, would make his readers as hopeful as he is if the number of converts in each of the black and yellow and brown and white peoples he enumerates bore any proportion to the length of the list.

In *Christian Fulfilments and Uses of the Levitical Sin-Offering* the author is going over a well-beaten track. He has high authorities for his position that the Old and the New Testament constitute one revelation. The continuity of the moral and spiritual ideas of the two volumes is an adequate presumption in favour of that belief, and it may be doubted whether it is not weakened rather than strengthened by trying to prove too much. Mr. Batchelor is not content to see in the Levitical sin-offering a moral evidence and a moral education for the great idea of self-sacrifice. He is not content with the typical character of the former, and he insists on something more than an analogy. If the law was the schoolmaster to bring men to Christ its office was to raise them to the level of higher teaching, from the material to the spiritual. But it leads them to nothing higher if the "one grand vocation of Christ was to be an offering for sin, and by his endurance to obliterate the penalties due to men."

The tone of *Wellington College Sermons* is in harmony throughout with the note struck in their dedication to "the Father and Founder of the Spiritual Life" of the College. They are above all things spiritual sermons addressed to the individual conscience, rather than appeals to the corporate feeling of a Society, which is the more common and natural character of school sermons. They are very short; not because the writer had little time to give to them, for they are the product of much thought and experience. Only a classical taste and spiritual intuition and cultivated religious instincts could have given them the form and substance which they have. They were probably hard to follow, for simple as the style is they are much condensed, with abrupt transitions of thought, and, we are bound to say, an occasional slip into obscurity or carelessness.

Religion without God was Mr. William Arthur's reply to Positivism, as represented by Mr. Frederic Harrison, and to Agnosticism, as represented by Mr. Herbert Spencer. He has now issued a complementary volume—*God without Religion*—as a reply to Sir James Stephen, whose only point of agreement with Mr. Arthur appears to be a common desire to get rid of "this sort of ghosts of religion" against which the former treatise was directed. It is impossible here even to summarize the author's arguments; but he claims to show that there is no presumption that science can disprove the existence of God, or that Christianity will pass away, and he draws a powerful picture of a world without religion.

Mr. Wayland Joyce, who is a well-known authority on such subjects, has issued a *Handbook on Convocations*, in which those who are interested in ecclesiastical archaeology will find a full account of the origin, organization, procedure, and constitutional forms and instruments of these ancient bodies. They are so ancient, he says, that the twelve Apostles are represented by the Upper House, and the seventy disciples by the Lower. If this is so, the evident superiority of the Upper to the Lower House now is a striking instance of the transmission of qualities by heredity.

Mr. Rowland has preached and published forty "sermonettes" on *The First Letter of Paul the Apostle to Timothy*, prefaced by a popular commentary on the text; and we think his book is sufficient justification for spending so much time and work on such a short letter. Though there is not much that is original either in commentary or sermonettes, they both bear marks of study and common sense, and are written with impartiality and liberality of tone. A word of praise is also due to the clearness of style and the well-chosen words in which his thoughts are expressed; but why does he say (twice over) that the title Saviour is only ascribed to God the Father in the Pastoral Epistles, in Jude, and in the Magnificat? Has he forgotten its use in the Psalms, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Hosea? Popular Protestantism makes it necessary not to forget the significance of this ascription of the name.

Non-Biblical Systems of Religion are discussed by various writers in succession, after a rather thin and hasty introduction on Ethnic Inspiration generally by Archdeacon Farrar, with whose name the second title of the volume, "A Symposium," seems, even in its second intention, a little out of harmony. There was not much that is new to be said about the religion of Egypt; but Cancn Rawlinson has handled the subject with his usual completeness of knowledge, and Mr. William Wright has corrected some misconceptions about the old Phœnician idolatries. Earlier Hellenic religions have been treated by Mr. Edwin Johnson, as it seems to us, with far more breadth and originality. In what is much the most instructive essay in the series he traces the connexion of Christian beliefs with old Greek legends, and affirms the obligations of Christianity to Greek philosophy. The legends may be read in the *Bibliotheca* of Apollodorus, and the best introduction to the mythology will be found in the *Periægesis* of Pausanias. The man who wove these materials of Greek philosophy and myth and Jewish Scripture into a web, and created a catholic theology out of these crude elements, was Philo the Jew, for he taught the mystic interpretation of Scripture, and so made the harmony possible between the early beliefs of

* *The Beginnings of Religion*. By Thomas Scott Bacon. London: Rivingtons.

Gospel Ethnology. By S. R. Pattison. London: The Religious Tract Society.

The Christian Fulfilments and Uses of the Levitical Sin-Offering. By the Rev. Henry Batchelor. London: Nisbet & Co.

Wellington College Sermons. By E. C. Wickham, M.A., Master of Wellington College and late Fellow of New College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

God Without Religion: Deism and Sir James Stephen. By William Arthur. London: Bemanrose & Sons.

Handbook of the Convocations or Provincial Synods of the Church of England. By James Wayland Joyce, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

The First Letter of Paul the Apostle to Timothy. By Alfred Rowland, LL.B., B.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

Non-Biblical Systems of Religion: a Symposium. London: Nisbet & Co.

A Golden Thread; or, Great Truths in Simple Words. By E. A. Pitcairn. London: Skeffington & Sons.

A Manual of the Book of Common Prayer. By the Rev. Charles Hole, B.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Present-Day Tracts on the Non-Christian Philosophies of the Age. London: The Religious Tract Society.

Sermons on Old Testament Characters. By the Rev. Julius Lloyd, M.A. London: Bell & Sons.

An Exposition of the Apostles' Creed. By John Eyre Yonge, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1883.

The Church of England; its Planting, its Settlement, its Reformation, and its Renewed Life. By the Rev. Edmund Venables. London: Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

A Help to Childhood's Faith. By the Rev. H. M. Neville. London: Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

Greek and Jew, and read the current educated ideas of his day into the Hebrew Scriptures. And these points of connexion between Christian theology and Hellenic myths are not satisfactorily accounted for by Justin Martyr's "Apologies," which awaken more doubts than they dispel. There is need of a true science of religious anthropology to grapple with these problems. Heathendom did not "perish before the blows" of the Apologists, for in the second and third century there were men on the other side more than a match for them in learning and art; but the progress of Christianity was like a river underground—the people were not affected by the controversies, their still life underwent a gradual change, the same feelings were roused by different motives, and the same festivals by degrees began to have a different object and higher associations. Sir William Muir's paper on Islam would receive attention at any other time than now, when we have had a surfeit of discussion on the subject; and Mr. Rhys Davids' on Buddhism will correct a good many false impressions of those who are anxious to attenuate its contrasts with Christianity. It deserves a longer notice than we can give to it from its clearness both of knowledge and statement. The Rabbi Emanuel writes a paper on Judaism, surely out of place among discussions on non-Biblical religions; Mr. Erasmus Anderson on Scandinavian religion; Professor Radford Thomson marks the schism in the ranks of Positivism, and accentuates its cardinal negations of Christian truth, and its obligations to Christian ethics; and Mr. William Thompson winds up on the whole an instructive collection with two essays on the *One Purely Moral Religion*.

A *Golden Thread* is a well-meant endeavour to supply children with a manual of Church doctrine, to give them reasons why they should say their prayers and go to church and give their pennies. If the author had carried out the promise of his preface his book would have had a wider circle of readers, but he has made the common mistake of thinking that a truth is plain to the understanding because it is stated in plain language.

It might be thought that another *Manual of the Book of Common Prayer* was superfluous, with Blunt and Blakeney and Procter and Mant and Wheatley, not to mention older commentators already occupying the field, but Mr. Hole justifies his addition to the list. He has written a handy book for candidates for Orders, which is brief without being meagre, and exact without being dry, and which is distinguished from all its predecessors by the addition of the latest results of research, and from some of them by what is especially valuable to students—references to authorities for all his more important statements. His work has been, as it ought to be, mainly historical, and he conscientiously abstains from disclosing his own views and, for the most part, from quoting the opinions of others, except as matters of history or to account for facts. Origins are what the student wants, and the writer has evidently kept in mind that it is his first duty to supply them. The full index, and the arrangement for facilitating reference by paragraphs with italic headings, deserve a word of praise.

Some *Present-Day Tracts* are selected from the "Present-Day Series," and grouped together for the convenience of those who wish to get a conspectus of the current non-Christian philosophies. They form another "symposium" in which the subjects for discussion are different (except in the case of Positivism, which is both a religion and a philosophy), but the object is the same as that of the one just noticed. What that object is is sufficiently indicated by the volume being published by the Religious Tract Society, and is plainly avowed at the end of almost every one of the papers.

Mr. Julius Lloyd's *Sermons on Old Testament Characters* are intended to give an answer to the objection that the Old Testament is not adapted to be an instrument of religious education. He feels and reproduces the living interest of its old stories, and finds modern applications of the lessons to be derived from the failings and experiences of patriarchs and lawgivers, kings and judges, prophets and soldiers, men and women (though he omits two of the most interesting women in the Bible—Deborah and the Shunammite), and he is often happy in these comparisons.

Mr. Eyre Yonge's *Exposition of the Apostles' Creed* is not a mere analysis of the great work of Pearson. He has enriched and brightened it with the results of other reading, he is careful in giving references to his authorities, and he treads throughout on the sure ground of Scripture evidence. He has done his work without exaggeration of feeling or bias of opinion, and has produced another handy book for divinity students which will give them all the information they want for examination for Orders on the subject which it handles.

Canon Venables has done well to publish his four compact and graphic lectures on *The Church of England, its Planting, its Settlement, its Reformation, and its Renewed Life*. The first two are, as might be expected, much the most interesting, for they are about times and transactions that are less familiar and more picturesque, they mark a greater number of critical epochs and expose more popular errors than the summaries of the causes and results of the Reformation and of the story of the coma of the Church of England in the last century, which are the subjects of the third and fourth lectures. Churchmen owe a debt to Canon Venables for popularizing information, once confined to students, about the early planting of the Church in these islands, its recognition by the Eastern and Western churches, its lawful constitution before Monarchy or Parliament, and the mutual relation of the British and English churches; and for disposing of the fallacy of the Church being endowed and established by the State. Tithes were the separate endowments of several parishes and

corporations by private individuals before there was a State. The Church as a corporation has no property.

Helps to Childhood's Faith is the title of seventeen short addresses to children on the principal rites and truths of Christianity. They are written in language of natural simplicity, and not with the condescending plainness of teachers who cannot be natural, and do not understand children. The writer seems as if he did, and he leads his little friends up from what he knows they comprehend to what he wants to teach them to imagine. He writes from the point of view of a decided but moderate and sensible churchman, and parents and teachers will get some hints from his unpretending and sympathetic letters.

AUSTRALASIA.*

SMALL as Mr. Wilkins's book is, it fulfils the promise of the title-page as a "descriptive and pictorial account of the Australian and New Zealand colonies, Tasmania and the adjacent lands." It appears to be intended for use in schools, and the paragraphs in each chapter are numbered. In some respects it is deficient, but, of course, so small a book cannot contain everything. Mr. Wilkins has had to make a choice, and so he hardly mentions anything that is not very favourable, not to say complimentary, to the colonists and their land. There is an exception. Speaking of Melbourne, he makes a disparaging remark. Perhaps he suffered, as so many do, from the defective sanitation of that handsome city. He observes briefly, "On the whole, it may be said that the drainage, the great difficulty of all Australian cities, is very imperfect." As this sentence follows one in which the water supply is extolled, we are—or might be—at a loss; but Mr. Wilkins does not inform his readers that the abundance in the Yan Yean reservoir is not constant. When it is full, it is very, very full; when it is low, Melbourne stinks. Mr. Wilkins gives a woodcut of the Houses of Parliament—which, by the way, are not built yet, but he takes the will for the deed—and we are glad to observe that they will be worthy of the many fine buildings which surround them and of the singularly noble site at the summit of a slope. Still, they will not excel the beautiful Post Office, in the valley below them, a building in better taste than anything set up in London since Wren's death; while the new dome will not compare with that of the Law Courts on the opposite eminence. Mr. Wilkins is very loth to acknowledge that, strictly speaking, there are no Australian rivers. Victoria, we read, "is little favoured with natural means of internal communication, as she possesses few navigable rivers." A little further on the "few" is explained to mean two only. The Murray, during "the times and seasons when the water in the river is of sufficient depth," is partly navigable, but is also partly not in Victoria. The Yarra is a drawback rather than an advantage to Melbourne, as it is shallow, dirty, and crooked, while, somewhat like the Alde in Suffolk, it flows nearly parallel to the seashore for miles, and cuts the city off from the coast at Hobson's Bay. Millions are being spent in deepening and straightening its channel. Mr. Wilkins makes no allusion that we can discover to the fact that Tasmania was called Van Diemen's Land till lately. He keeps, also, carefully aloof from any invidious allusions to local politics, and does not even tell us which of the colonies "protect" and which practise Free-trade. He is evidently much exercised in his mind because "people are sometimes apt to dispute whether Australia should be termed an island or a continent." He is all for the more dignified form of "continent." If Australia is an island, so are North and South America. Moreover, Australia is eleven times as large as Borneo, the island next to it in size. Whether the Australians care to call their country an island or a continent cannot matter much to anybody; better, perhaps, to be the largest island in the world than the fifth and smallest continent. But its great size may be realized by a single example from the number of Mr. Wilkins's facts. Children in Western Australia are "just beginning school in the morning when those who live on the east coast are on their way home to dinner." Mr. Wilkins is inclined to be vague as to population and other statistics; and his excuse, that the Census is only taken once in ten years, is not sufficient. He does not, of course, mention the alleged intention of New South Wales to arrogate to itself the name of Australia. Victoria and Queensland are lucky in being out of the strife and provided with very suitable names; but South Australia, which is in reality not so far south as Victoria, and Western Australia, which is about three times as large as New South Wales, will have strong cause to quarrel. We should mention that Mr. Wilkins's volume is very prettily and appropriately illustrated, and that it takes in New Zealand, Fiji, New Caledonia, New Guinea, and many other places "that lie underneath the world," according to Hood. The little volume will prove very useful for the teaching of Australian and Australasian geography, while there is much in it of a kind generally interesting. Mr. Wilkins's account of the natural history of "the Continent" is necessarily brief; but there is a woodcut of a wombat on p. 39 which for sleepy solemnity would make any one laugh. It is admirably engraved. So is the picture of the "Duckbill." Zoologically speaking, to describe this animal as "the *Platypus* or *Ornithorhynchus*," as Mr. Wilkins does, is not calculated to increase the verbal accuracy of the students for whom his book is ostensibly written.

* *Australasia*. By W. Wilkins. London: Blackie & Son. 1888.

SOME BOOKS OF VERSE.*

PROFESSOR PALGRAVE, who edits, or rather introduces, a selection of the verse of his friend and predecessor in the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, has discharged a rather difficult task with a good deal of ingenuity, if not perhaps with perfect ingenuousness. The late Mr. Shairp was a man of whom, we believe, we may safely say that there was no one who knew him but thought and spoke well of him. His amiability was reinforced by other excellent moral qualities, by a complete superiority to the bumptiousness and the faddish heterodoxy which were the curses of the set to which he more particularly belonged, by unfeigned and unpretentious piety, by good fellowship, and by considerable literary accomplishment. But he was not a very strong man intellectually; he was not a very good critic; and most assuredly he was not a great or even a good poet. If a most thorough affection for literature, a sincere love for nature and for all things that are noble and of good report, and a constant practice of verse could make a man a poet, Mr. Shairp would have been one. But as a matter of fact they can no more make a poet than they can make a man seven feet high. His incapacities of creation naturally coloured his faculties of appreciation, and when we find him in his critical work insisting that the expression of certain "thrills," certain "glows," is poetry, without apparently remembering at all that it is the quality of the expression and not the expression by itself that is poetical, when he talks of the "pure" and "ornate" styles, and so forth, we perceive not a conscious—for no honest man ever lived—but an evident attempt to frame a theory of Poetics under which his own work would come in. How difficult it would be to let him come in under other theories we are dispensed from pointing out at any great length by certain delicate but conclusive admissions of his editor and panegyrist, who confesses to "at times an apparent carelessness in the choice of words, a want of finish in style, an absence of evenness in metrical flow." In other words, if the reader finds poetry in Shairp, he must be content to find it solely or almost solely in the thought, not in the expression of the thought. And we frankly admit that we are not so content. Nor is it only in the form that the weakness lies. "Glen Dessaray," the longest poem, is in form a weak imitation of Scott. For motive it has nothing but that sentimental regret for the depopulation of the Highlands which Scott, with all his intense patriotic and romantic feeling, was too much of an historian and a man of judgment not largely to qualify by the knowledge and the admission that, until the Highlands were depopulated, nothing but perpetual and internecine war kept them from being overpopulated, if even that did. If the verse were more vigorous or the thought juster, we might put up with one of them by itself, but amiable wrongheadedness expressed in such lines as

And cairns of forgotten battles

(which is intended to be scanned trochaically, not anapestically, as it fairly might be) is not enticing. Elsewhere, as in the poem entitled "Balliol Scholars" (which acquired additional interest from the lamented death of one of its subjects, Mr. Matthew Arnold, just after the publication of this volume), there is real value of matter, but the form is still very defective. Of Shairp's attempts at poems in Scotch Professor Palgrave speaks warmly; but we confess that some study of and great affection for Burns and Hogg and others dispose us to see in "The Hairst Rig" nothing but an easy enough cento of stock phrases. Perhaps the best thing in the volume is "Loch Torridon," where the grandeur of the author's favourite Highland scenery striking in with the reverent mysticism of his mind has for once produced a real union. Indeed, we are sincerely sorry not to be able to speak better of the whole, but it is a true case of

All' alta fantasia qui manco possa,

and that is always a melancholy thing where it really exists, and not, as in the case of the mighty poet who wrote it, only in his own imagination.

Mr. Stopford Brooke exhibits himself in this volume as a very Sturm-und-Drang bard. We have rarely known such active, not to say acrobatic, lovers as he and his fair ones appear to be. In one poem the young lady first "returned his kiss and kindling at the touch Threw her wild arms around his neck, and pressed His lips to hers." Shortly afterwards he "met her flying With open arms into whose happy clasp Surprised she fell." Another person describes how "with that wild rush you loved so well I threw My arms around you." This gymnastic rape-of-the-Sabines kind of love-making may be all very well once in a way; but we confess that, as a mere matter of taste, we like things done more *piano*, more gently. However, taste is free. Again, Mr. Brooke sometimes makes mistakes of fact. We can assure him that the laird in "The Crofter's Wife" did not behave at all as represented in that poem (which, by the way, is "after"

Rizpah). On the contrary, he put up for a long time with her husband's defaultings of rent, and gave them plenty of assistance when they were ill. Moreover, the family made what was for them a great deal of money out of the wicked sportsmen whom Mr. Brooke denounces; and, when there was talk of distraint at last and after much long-suffering, before they made the money up (as Mr. Brooke confesses they did), the factor offered to take their stock at quite a handsome valuation (see Crofters' Commission Reports *passim*). Still, with all these little drawbacks, there is often life and movement in Mr. Brooke's verse, and it is fluent and harmonious enough—greatly superior in general *moyens* to Mr. Shairp's. It is a pity that it is so imitative. The echo of the laureate above referred to is constant—"Doras," "Brooks," and so forth, meeting us under other names at every turn; while the very phrase is often, so to speak, cast in a mould. For instance, on the very first page we find—

And found her lovelier than a summer wood
Gay with the singing of a thousand birds.

Now this is pretty enough. But, unluckily, a certain great poet many years ago wrote—

Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad with the beauty of a thousand stars.

Evidently this sort of thing is endless; we shall have—

Oh! thou art sweeter than a china cup
Cloyed with the sugar of a thousand lumps;

or,

And found him rawer than a truant boy
Sore with the swishing of a thousand rods,

And so on, in all the relations of life. It is a little rash, too, for a man at this time of day to make "recapture" rhyme to "rapture." Still there is some pretty verse here.

Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt's volume is much smaller, and generally much less ambitious than either of these. But we are not sure that in a way of its own it is not much more successful than either. The elaborate pieces on the Holy Land with which it opens are not much more than respectable exercises in a kind of conjuring where Mr. Tyrwhitt is "not the magician." But three little lines of the piece entitled "Bendmere Stream" (which is being interpreted the Cherwell, and not the Cherwell):—

Which sings as it flows
By willow and rose,
Over all things lost, and dead, and dear

are as simple as they are true in music and in matter, and the whole poem is not unworthy of them. There is good, too, in "Heautontimoroumenos" and others. But Mr. Tyrwhitt is most at home in lighter verse, which has a touch of Præd and a touch of Whyte-Melville, in the pathetic but by no means maudlin history of the little cur Tiny, in "The Glory of Motion," a good hunting piece, and still more in "Penelope Ann":—

You may go the short road with that lady
The customer's way, very straight,
While the devious, the prudent, the shady
Edge off to be squeezed through a gate.

"Old Loves" has a capital Præd-Swinburnian canter:—

One glows over beauty in splendour,
One melts over beauty in tears,
But a witch—like her sister of Endor—
Is beauty that's grown into years.

All these are of a stamp which we own we like, though it may not be very original or very lofty.

In *Poems in Many Lands* and *Feda* Mr. Rennell Rodd did some pretty verse; and he has done some more pretty verse in *The Unknown Madonna*. But we do not observe any particular sign of growth in him, and we are half inclined to think that, if he is as sensible a man as we take him for, he will soon make up his mind to survive quietly the, in 99,999 cases out of 100,000, inevitable dying of the poet who has to die young, unless the gods do not love the man that survives. Meanwhile Mr. Rodd has taken to translating Heine—a parlous sign. It is not merely parlous because the translations are generally (Mr. Rodd's, we must admit, are not worse, but rather better, than others) by no means good; but for a much more dangerous reason—the conscientious reader takes down his Heine, however well he may know it, to compare notes, and then it is all over with the translator. For who will read translations unless he cares for poetry, and who that cares for poetry can read anything after Heine? Compare, for instance, the following:—

The world is dull, the world is blind,
More tasteless every day;
It gives you no good name, my child,
And has a deal to say.
The world is dull, the world is blind,
And must judge you amiss;
The world has never known the fire,
The sweetness, of your kiss.

That is Mr. Rodd, "pretty enough, very pretty," as that old shrew of a Grandmother remarks. But *this* is Heine, "all air and fire":—

Die Welt ist dumm, die Welt ist blind,
Wird täglich abgeschmackter!
Sie spricht von dir, mein schönes Kind:
Du hast keinen guten Charakter.

Die Welt ist dumm, die Welt ist blind,
Und dich wird sie immer verkennen;
Sie weiss nicht, wie süß deine Küsse sind,
Und wie sie beseligend brennen.

* *Glen Dessaray, and other Poems.* By J. C. Shairp. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Poems. By Stopford A. Brooke. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Free Field. By R. St. John Tyrwhitt. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

The Unknown Madonna, and other Poems. By Rennell Rodd. London: Stott. 1888.

Philaster, and other Poems. By Aston Clair. London: Fisher Unwin. 1888.

Love Triumphant. By Fred. Henderson. London: Jarrold. 1888.

Roses and Thorns. By C. W. Heckethorn. London: Dobell. 1888.

Five thousand pounds of copper—not a bad thing in these syndicate days—to the man who can translate that last line.

The three last books on our list we must be excused for treating rather rapidly. In doing so we fear we shall deepen the bad opinion which Mr. Aston Clair has of the critic, whom he addresses as "Thou fool!" and as "A burrowing ferret," whom he asks whether he has nothing but "caw" and "crake" and a curst "analytic" ("analytic," by the way, does not rhyme to "synthetic," but there we are cawing and craking), and so forth. What may have excited this noble rage we know not. Mr. Clair is able to quote some pretty things from critics about his former book, and there is nothing worse to be said of the present than that it is very well intentioned and very imitative. Mr. Henderson is scanty, ambitious, and effusive. In a piece headed "Bridal Night" he describes the situation as "under far-spreading branches clad with fruited stars" (which we cannot think a suitable "mounting" for the scene), and rather unreasonably bids the lady

Heed not the dews that gather in thy hair.

But what if she had answered stichomythically, as she certainly would both in reason and in a Greek tragedy,

Thence come the colds that gather in the head?

Mr. Heckethorn's book is chiefly interesting for being written in almost pure doggerel. Discussing our British Solomon, he writes:—

A physical abortment,
Corrupt in heart and mind,
Of vices an assortment
Throughout his life we find.
Vile bishops fed his vanity
And his rapacious lust:
Before his fierce insanity
The nation licked the dust.

It is to be observed that Mr. Heckethorn, like Mr. Clair, has a bad opinion of critics (perhaps with cause), that he considers Homer and Virgil to have told "childish stories," Milton to be a mixture of rant and cant, Dante to be compact of "chilly religio-politics" (the chilliness of *Nessus maggior dolore* and a thousand other passages is really a *trouaille*), and Lord Tennyson to be guilty of "rant and bleat." But then Mr. Heckethorn is, we learn, "mated to the Muse," and these other fellows, of course, were not.

MALCOLM'S HISTORY OF PERSIA.*

THE late Sir John Malcolm in the first fifteen years of this century went three times to Persia as the accredited agent of the Governor-General of India. Of his diplomatic skill, of his unflinching tact and good humour, of his rivalry with Sir Harford Jones, and of all the other interesting incidents of his mission to the Shah-in-Shah, ample information is to be found in the two volumes of his *Life and Correspondence* by the late Sir John Kaye. Malcolm was a versatile man, full of intelligence and quick in observation, and in his leisurely progress through divers provinces of the Persian Empire, in 1810, he saw so much of the people and acquired such abundance of materials that he was enabled to publish a *History of Persia* about the year 1815. This splendid work, in two bulky quartos, appropriately dedicated to the Marquess of Wellesley, is now only to be found in such libraries as the India Office, the Athenæum Club, and a few others. It begins with Kaiomurs and Jamshid, and comes down to Fath' Ali, who was on the throne at the time of Malcolm's last visit. It is significant that, though in the first volume we hear a good deal about Zohak and Rustum, Ardeshir *diraz-dast*, whom the Greeks called Artaxerxes Longimanus, and other celebrated personages, there is not the faintest allusion to Xerxes and his defeat by the Greeks. It seems that Malcolm's work has been translated into Persian by a native gentleman known as Mirza Hairat, and that it has lately attracted the notice of civil and military officers, in whom the acquisition of Persian has been stimulated by recent political events. Accordingly, Major M. H. Court, already known as the translator of divers Urdu works proposed for the candidates for the Indian Civil Service and for the new school of Oriental Languages at Oxford, has thought fit to retranslate the version of Mirza Hairat. The editor has, with sound judgment, confined himself to the second volume, by far the most instructive part of Malcolm's work. It contains the reigns of the Afghan monarchs who assumed the title of Kings of Persia, the Indian invasion and barbarities of Nadir Shah, and the biographies of Lutf Ali, Karim Khan, Ahmed Shah Abdali, and others more or less known to Oriental scholars. But it also gives us Malcolm's delightful pictures of Persian manners and customs; his notices of the climate, fruits, and productions; and his opinion of the Oriental character, always clear, never intemperate, and generally fair and just. Kaye in his biography only touches incidentally on Malcolm's literary pursuits. Malcolm himself in his letters speaks of his Assistants as more finished Persian scholars than himself, and he gracefully acknowledges the help given him by Mr. Bruce, then our Resident at Bushire, and by

two promising officers, Captain Grant and Captain Christie. The former was murdered by some wild tribes, and the latter fell in a fight between the Russians and Persians. Malcolm himself, however, must have made good and rapid progress in Persian. He corrected his faulty pronunciation acquired from Indian Munshis. Manuscripts were placed at his disposal. He listened to long stories on the journey and in camp. He mastered the minute points of courtly etiquette, and on a long march between Shiraz in the month of April and Baghdad in October, he conversed, hunted, made notes, and looked on the country with the eye of a scholar, an administrator, and a diplomatist. On his return, in addition to his *History*, he published anonymously two small volumes entitled *Sketches of Persia*, which for humorous anecdote and descriptive power are worth a good number of magazine articles from the pens of advanced and thoughtful personages of our own time.

Major Court seems to have been somewhat perplexed by his self-imposed task. It was not his intention to re-edit Malcolm, but Malcolm as he was presented to Persian readers by the flowing style of Mirza Hairat. The term Mirza, by the way, when prefixed to any name, means secretary or clerk; when it follows the name it indicates a nobleman or prince. This gentleman is evidently one of the *Ahl-i-Kalam* or men of the pen. The Mirza has, it seems, allowed himself some little license and has omitted many of Malcolm's remarks. Possibly they were uncomplimentary, and their publication would have entailed unpleasant consequences. Major Court reproduces them in footnotes; but the Mirza's omissions have been so frequent and bulky that in some pages these supplementary notes quite outflank the text. In other instances the Persian is not quite accurate, and Major Court has given a literal translation and has told us what Malcolm really meant and said. With this explanation, the volume, which has been printed at Lahore, may be consulted with profit, and will serve the double object of assisting the civil and military servants of the Crown in the study of the most polished and practical language of the East, as well as of disseminating sound and correct ideas as to the real effect of Mahomedan rule in Persia and elsewhere.

We are not concerned to epitomize the careers of the various Bega, Khans, and Sheikhs who took prominent parts in the sieges, raids, campaigns, reprisals, usurpations, revolutions, and other incidents that make up the history of the eighteenth century. Oriental monarchies seem everywhere to move in the same grooves. Perhaps the blinding needle was used more cruelly and frequently in Persia than in India, and we hear a good deal about tortures, the bastinado, and the assassinations of rivals and relatives. Malcolm was never indisposed to look out for the better or the less repulsive features of the Eastern potentate. He could quote Hafiz and Firdusi; meet the astuteness of a Minister with a smile or a jest; make the most of good qualities; and allow for the inevitable dead weight of despotism in arresting progress and stereotyping deceit and fraud. But it is worth while to quote the deliberate opinion of this first-class Anglo-Indian diplomatist, who, as his biographer says of him, "was neither too native nor too European. He understood the native character, and he could sympathize with the feelings of the natives; but he never fell into native habits." Malcolm thus sums up the case against Islam:—

There is no example, during more than twelve centuries, of any Mohammedan nation having attained a high rank in the scale of civilization. The inhabitants of all those countries who have adopted this religion have invariably been exposed to the miseries of an arbitrary and unsettled rule. Many reasons have been urged to account for this remarkable and striking fact, amongst which the most prominent are the example of the Prophet of Arabia and the character of some of the fundamental tenets of his faith.

Arthur Stanley, in his *Life of Dr. Arnold*, tells us that the Headmaster, after reading in the earlier part of the lesson one of the Scripture descriptions of the Gentile world, would say, as he opened the Satires of Horace, "Now we shall see what it was." If any reader is desirous of knowing the merits of the controversy over the Koran and the Bible with which two pugnacious Canons of the Church of England have recently edified the world, he has only to consult the pages of Malcolm. There he will at once see what Islam was, is, and in all probability will continue to be. A correct and lucid exposition of the fundamental tenets and characteristics of Mahomedanism, its *Deen* or faith, its *Shariat* or Canonical Law, and of the radical distinctions between Shias and Sunis, is to be found in the twenty-second and following chapters of this volume. The fasts and festivals, the paramount duty of almsgiving, the rules as to conversion, the doctrines of four eminent lawyers, and the peculiarities of the famous sects of Sufis, are admirably described and explained. Against the correctness of this description Mirza Hairat, apparently, has no word to say. But, excellent as are these portions of the book, we prefer to hear about the revenue, the internal administration, the authority of local governors, the climate, and the social life. Never while in high office in India did Malcolm plan and carry out in detail a Revenue Settlement as Munro did in Madras. Yet his general experience must have enabled him to catch the salient points of the Persian assessment on land. He estimated the regular revenue at three millions of our money. Recent inquirers, by the way, have cut down this estimate to two millions. A large portion of the land was held directly from the Crown; and, after a suitable deduction for the cost of production and reaping, the crop at harvest-time was divided between the Shah and the cultivator, equally or in the proportion of two-thirds for the Crown. Though Malcolm inclines to the opinion that the system was fair and the terms equitable to the Ryot, it is very obvious that it afforded the tax-collector splendid opportunities to worry and defraud the peasantry.

* *Malcolm's History of Persia (Modern)*, Edited and Adapted to the Persian Translation of Mirza Hairat. With Notes and Dissertations. By Lieutenant-Colonel M. H. Court, 15th Bengal Cavalry, Translator of the *Araish-i-Mahfil*, *Nasr-be-Nazir*, and Selections from the *Kulliyat-i-Sauda*. Lahore: printed at the Civil and Military Gazette Press. 1888.

Other lands not held by the Crown were subjected to divers imposts. Merchandise and goods were taxed, and so was water for irrigation; and there were fixed imposts on shops, mills, baths, bazaars, and caravanserais. Malcolm, while praising these principles of taxation as just and moderate, easy of application, and generally understood, is compelled to admit that their merit was nullified by the levy of a variety of extra cesses, and by the custom of receiving presents from Governors of provinces, Ministers of State, Chiefs of pastoral tribes, and other officers, at the vernal equinox. Then there is a special iniquity called *Sadir*, literally what flows, is produced, or springs up. Practically it is an extraordinary call for money whenever the sovereign needs an addition to his army, a new palace, an aqueduct, commissariat for troops on a march, presents for a foreign mission, a royal marriage, and any other reasonable or unreasonable expenditure. The amount received from this source is set down at three millions more, making the total revenue about six millions in Malcolm's time. It is quite clear that whether the original settlement of the Land-tax was or was not made "by Naushirvan the Just," the incidence of the *Sadir* is quite sufficient to preclude any progress, development, or accumulation of individual, local, or national wealth. Malcolm never minimizes the Persian despotism or glosses over its palpable horrors; but he discovers some check on the action of the sovereign, in a sort of half-expressed public opinion, and in the existence of the *Urf* or customary law. Property reserved for colleges, mosques, and tombs was also considered sacred; and if the king's power is arbitrary and unlimited, he is still the fountain of mercy, the source of honour, and the ultimate court of appeal. Those who lived under his very eye at the capital were not so badly off as the subjects of a distant Lieutenant-Governor in Irak or Khorassan. Even in remote provinces the position of a Persian Verres was not always pleasant or safe. And between the lower orders who could be mercilessly squeezed and the plundering Viceroy who might at any moment be unseated by the intrigues of private enemies at the capital, there were certain intermediate agents corresponding to the Collectors and Tahsildars of India, whose position was thought far worse. When the Governor-General of Fars was at a loss how to punish a very notorious offender who had at last been apprehended, one of those venerable and wise noblemen who in every Eastern apologue or tale are found to say the pithy sayings at the right moment, recommended that the criminal should be made "manager of a district in Fars." "I can conceive no crime," he said, "for which such an appointment would not be an adequate punishment."

Malcolm's remarks on the climate, the delicious fruits, the rivulets and channels of limpid water, the orchards and flower-gardens, the avenues of fine trees in particular spots, have been all confirmed by more recent travellers. The tract below Shiraz is exposed to the Simum or hot wind and to clouds of impalpable sand. Teheran, to the north, is subject to violent alternations of cold and heat. But Isfahan, though rather hot in midsummer, enjoys a delightful temperature for many months in the year. The rains are never heavy. The snow never lies long on the ground. The sky has the *largior ether* and the *purpureum lumen* of Virgil. Metal once polished is never corroded by rust, and the seasons recur with a delightful regularity. Even in May and June the thermometer falls to 56° in the night, and only rises above 85° for a few hours in the daytime. It is scarcely necessary to say that this climate does not characterize Azerbaijan with its forests and rivers, or Khorassan with its hot winds and waves of red sand. But neither the pure air, nor the luscious fruits, nor the sparkling rivulets, nor the equally sparkling conversation of intelligent and educated Persians, could blind Malcolm to the fact that for many generations there had been no progress in the arts of civilized life. He says pithily that for some ten centuries Persia has appeared to be on the brink of great improvements, but has remained quite stationary. Its commerce and manufactures are just what they were in ancient times; silks and wool, cotton and nuts, assafetida, brocades, swords and cannon, ornaments and enamelled china. "Nothing," the author adds, "can exceed the politeness and good manners of the higher ranks; and in their social hours, when formality is banished, their conversation is delightful." The contrast between a well-cooked dinner with a Persian Amir and the formal visit in India from a Nawab or Raja must have struck Malcolm forcibly, though probably few Indian officials ever exceeded him in the art of getting at the real sentiments of feudatories and petty chiefs. It is noteworthy that Kaye mentions an official legacy left by Malcolm for the benefit of all Residents, Political Agents, and representatives at native Courts, in the shape of "Notes of Instructions to Assistants and Officers." It were well if they could be reprinted and circulated. Whatever might have been the case when Kaye wrote in 1856, this State Paper is not now either "largely quoted or generally read."

Major Court has enhanced the merit of his work by quotations from several of the most esteemed poets of Persia and by illustrations drawn from the *Vizir of Lankuren* and other works. The translation given from the *Shahnamah* quite bears out Walter Scott's remark that some of that poem of Firdusi "must be very fine." Malcolm while staying at Abbotsford had recited portions of it to the great novelist. Major Court also gives a translation of the well-known *Taza-ba-Taza* song of Hafiz; we have just room for the first couplet:—

Sing me a lay, sweet bard, I sue: once and again, anew, anew;
Seek for me wine's heart-opening dew: once and again, anew, anew.

This is spirited and not very unlike the original. But Hafiz is as difficult a task for the translator as Horace himself. A resort

to Hafiz in order to ascertain future events is, like a reference to the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, a fashion in the East to this day. We shall conclude by giving one or two anecdotes from those with which Malcolm has enlivened his History without impairing its "dignity." Malcolm was encamped near a wild tribe, one of whom mounted his horse, and with his greyhound caught a hare. "You cannot eat the hare," said Malcolm, "as you know it is *makruh* or abominable." "Do you think," the hunter replied, "that I would have hazarded my life and half killed my horse and my dog to be deterred after all by what some fool of a Mulla has said, from eating the hare? I will eat it, and, what is more, I will eat his father." A Kurd of some respectability observed that his tribe resembled Europeans more than Mahomedans, because, he added, "we eat of hog's flesh, keep no fasts, and say no prayers." Possibly Englishmen travelling in these countries observe the Scriptural direction to pray in secret. But whoever visits this land of roses and melons, poetry and good cookery, and writes about it, will be fortunate if he can come near Malcolm in correct observation and descriptive power. Perhaps we may look for something in due time from the accomplished diplomatist who has just gone to Teheran.

REYNELL TAYLOR.*

QUOTING Dr. Johnson's saying that nobody can write the life of a man unless he has lived with him, Mr. E. Gambier Parry confesses that he never knew General Reynell Taylor, and, indeed, met him but once. There are ways and means, however, of minimizing the disability referred to, and they are employed with success in Mr. Parry's biography. Reynell Taylor was a notable figure among the "soldier politicians of the Lawrence school," as Mr. Parry calls the famous men who were associated with Sir Henry Lawrence in the government of the Punjab. The fame of these men belongs to history, and is entirely independent of the personal and objective study of the biographer. Separated though they were at times by hundreds of miles, the lives of Sir Henry Lawrence's "assistants," as they are styled in a letter to Sir John Kaye, were spent in following one and the same aim. They were all alike engaged, as others were before them, in the work of consolidating our empire in India. "Collected under one administration," says Lawrence, they "were worth double and treble the number of men taken at haphazard. Each was a good man; the most were excellent officers." To name one is to suggest another, and so on with the whole company—George Lawrence, Macgregor, Edwardes, Lumsden, Nicholson, Taylor, and the rest. Hence it follows that the biographer must to a certain extent disregard the ordinary distinctions between history and biography, and an important portion of Mr. Parry's volume—that which deals with the first twelve years of Reynell Taylor's career—possesses genuine historical value, just as Sir John Kaye, in his well-known *Lives*, and Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his admirable *Life of Lord Lawrence*, are historians. This aspect of Mr. Parry's work, though it is second to that which comprehends the biographer's method and its results, cannot in the circumstances be ignored, and it is pleasant to be able to commend the book from both points of view. The various military expeditions in which Reynell Taylor was concerned, the political missions and administration-work in which his success was fully as remarkable as his skill and courage in the field, are described in a series of clear and animated chapters. Nor is Mr. Parry less successful in his portraiture of the simple-minded, chivalrous soldier who was called by one great general in India "the Bayard of the Punjab," and was looked upon by the natives as their *ferishta*, or good angel. And that these terms of praise are not made of strong words with little meaning is abundantly evident even to the least careful reader of Mr. Parry's book. Among all who knew Reynell Taylor in the Punjab, those now departed and those who yet remain, from Sir Henry Lawrence to Sir Richard Pollock, the testimony is to the same effect. Such criticism as we have in the volume is contained in Taylor's letters, and, as might be expected, it is infrequent and unaffected. A good example of manly self-criticism may be cited in the correspondence with Sir Herbert Edwardes (ch. v.), in which the young officer—he was only five-and-twenty—laments his diffidence in the matter of accepting fresh and undivided responsibility. From his diary it is clear that he soon regretted the confession, and the weakness, if such it was, was never again a source of trouble.

Reynell Taylor was one of an old Devonshire family long settled at West Oghwell, near Denbury, and many are the allusions in his letters from India to the beautiful county in which his boyhood was spent. Like a good cricketer, he never forgot Teignbridge, and was delighted by his election to that famous club on his final return to England in 1877. In one of his lively accounts of sporting expeditions in the North-West he likens the scenery to the valley at Bradley woods. His diary of events that followed the outbreak at Mooltan in 1849 contains a humorous description of a too-frank chief gunner who insisted upon demonstrating "before the multitude" the wretched condition of the three guns with which Reynell Taylor and his small force laid siege to Lukkee. "If," writes Taylor, "the gun had been made of Bovey pottery braced over, he

* *Reynell Taylor, C.B., C.S.I.* By E. Gambier Parry. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

ought at any rate to have kept it quiet." The story of this successful siege—one of the most memorable episodes in Punjab warfare—is excellent reading. It was in 1840, at the age of eighteen, that Taylor left England for Calcutta, and was temporarily attached to a cavalry regiment at Bareilly. He took part in the Gwalior campaign in 1843-4, as adjutant to the Body Guard of the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, and in the first Sikh war was severely wounded at Moodkee, and incapacitated from further action in the war. His description of his encounter with the Sikh horsemen on this occasion is one of the most vivid and stirring imaginable. From this date his career and progress were rapid and assured. After the engagement at Sohraon, which closed the war, he was appointed assistant to Colonel Dixon, at Ajmere, in a political capacity, and in 1847 entered upon a wider field of activity in the Punjab, at Peshawur, and afterwards as Deputy-Commissioner in the important frontier district of Bunnoo. During the Mutiny he was stationed at Dhurmsala, in the Kangra Valley, and in 1859 was appointed Commissioner of the Derajat. His successful administration at Derah Ishmael Khan, his admirable conduct of the Muhsood expedition, and his services in the Umbeylah war under Sir Neville Chamberlain are convincingly set forth in Mr. Parry's narrative. Nor is it necessary here to add anything to the excellent account of Reynell Taylor's administration of the Umballa and Umritsur divisions, which occupied the last years of an active and varied life. The story of that life was well worth telling, and the record is full of interest.

THOTH.*

WHY did not *Thoth* come out sooner? *Thoth* is so good—and so short—that it might conceivably have been the Book of the Season. It is almost as easy to read *Thoth* as to ask "Have you read *Thoth*?" People who dearly love a romance, *impossibilium cupitiores*, will here find what they like. People who prefer to muddle their time away on "problems" will discover in *Thoth* materials whereon to be thoughtful for a month. Yet the problems are not obtrusive—a mere novel-reader might devour the little volume and never discover that "these things are a mystery." For these reasons, then, we feel that *Thoth* deserves at least the cautious recommendation "people who like this kind of thing will find the book just the kind of thing they like." Mere gratitude for an uncommonly agreeable hour ensures at least this amount of praise for the book. The beauty of *Thoth* is that you never have the faintest idea what will happen next. This is the glory of romance, to keep up the reader's curiosity from page to page and to make him credulous of marvels. Concerning the plot of *Thoth* it were a dastardly thing to make revelations. But, if any one is curious to know who caused the Plague at Athens, and why and wherefore it stopped there and did not desolate the whole world, as had been intended, here is his opportunity.

There is a drawback to this clever little book—a drawback inherent in the nature of romance. That glittering world of marvels is exhibited, as it were, in a kaleidoscope, and each picture is composed of very few particles in a great number of combinations. The particles in *Thoth* are familiar, and one need only say that, if Mr. Rider Haggard had written it, he would have been accused of stealing—from himself. Of course there is no stealing in the case; every author has the right to employ the old, the dateless dreams of humanity, and to show them in such a combination as he deems good. The literary detective may, and perhaps will, say that *Thoth* is only *She* reversed. Here is a wondrous, unapproachable city of marvellous men set in the desert sands. Here is a mighty and magical ruler—"He that must be obeyed." Here is an adventurer from Europe who reaches the city and enslaves the ruler. But the adventurer is a woman, as the ruler is a man. Here, as in *King Solomon's Mines*, is a hall of sepulchre filled with the sleeping forms of a line of princes; but then these princes in *Thoth* are not stalactited. The idea is as ancient as the legend of Barbarossa, or still older; any one may use it, and in *Thoth* it has been used well, though not very well. This part of the story might have been made more plausible and more impressive. But what could hardly be bettered is the veiled yet awful picture of the women, the mothers of the ruling race in this wonderful city. Here, also, it is that the allegory, or moral, may seem a trifle too conspicuous. However, the public loves a moral, and preferred the rather outworn ethical parable in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* to the really excellent parts of that story. Of *Thoth* the weakest part is the conclusion, as is natural. It was necessary to bring Daphne home to Athens, and then what was to be done with that male "She," *Thoth* himself? The author can scarcely be acquitted of haste or weakness in the conclusion, which is undramatic and unexciting. But every one who cares for this kind of novel will have had adventure and excitement enough already. Moreover, he will be grateful to the nameless author for his (or her) brevity and steady refusal to amplify and to pad. The style is very happy; it is simple, level, and somewhat antique, without that false archaism which reminds one of the Book of Mormon. It is fair to add that, although so much of the book is drawn from the common store of romance, and is as old as human fancy, yet

the central and vivifying idea is, to us, absolutely novel, and very curious and horrible. It is natural to make guesses as to the authorship of the little *märchen*; probably it is not the author's first attempt at fiction. If a half guess of our own is correct, he is rarely so succinct and so adroit. In saying all this, we must be understood to make the reservation that *Thoth* is by no means everybody's book, and that it requires really no ingenuity, and nothing but spite and stupidity, to bring against the author a charge of want of originality. But it is rarely that a reviewer meets a book which amuses him, and makes him wish it were longer; and it is distasteful to him, then, to dwell on defects, and "seek a knot in a reed."

NOVELS.*

THE expression "a well-made play," which brings no particular sense of literary commendation with it, is a recognized one; we ought to introduce the formula "a well-made novel." In the present highly-cultivated and somewhat effete condition of English fiction there are a number of writers, by no means in the first rank, who understand how to put a story together rapidly and efficiently, have learned the art of making short and effective chapters, of opening briskly and of proceeding briskly without any loss of time or any nonsense about style or reflection. The author of *Molly Bawn* is eminently one of these writers. She is highly practical and business-like, and we take up her books without any fear of being bored with crude ideas or entangled in unmanageable sentences. Her business is to produce the kind of novel that flows swiftly through the circulating libraries without causing either scandal or disappointment, and is never heard of again. In *The Hon. Mrs. Vereker*, however, she is even thinner and more ephemeral than usual. It would be impossible to conceive a more characteristic specimen of the ordinary novel for the sea-side. It has in it a little of everything, love and war, tragedy and comedy, satire and sentiment. Every chord is struck, although rather in the style of a child that smacks a harp with a feather-broom than in the mode of a master. The only real topic of the novel is philandering; threads of flirtation meander down the volumes without any particular tangling, merely to be drawn straight at the close. Mrs. Vereker is a white little artless thing, with a colourless face and a rose-red mouth, who has been married, "as a baby," to a saddened-featured old man whose "dark and hideous hair was fast disappearing from the bald, prominent forehead." This decrepit creature, who has been married to the white-faced one for some years when the book begins, is no less than thirty-four years of age at the latter date. He ill-treats her very much, bangs her against the furniture, and is (quite reasonably) jealous of the hero of the book, a certain Mr. St. John, whose character is as colourless as the face of the heroine.

It is no part of the "well-made novel" to study the actual phenomena of life, or we might complain of the improbability, or rather unreality, of the whole tone of *The Hon. Mrs. Vereker*. We might refer with surprise to the existence of a society in which no single person has any recognized occupation whatever, and where even the poacher is not really occupied in poaching, but is always hanging about with intent to murder. We might object to the extreme unlikelihood of the Hon. Mrs. Vereker's spending a night away from home with the most innocent intentions, partly in company of Mr. St. John, partly in that of a Miss Aylmer, without the fact attracting the notice either of her husband or of any member of a large establishment of servants. But why should we curtail the already cur-tailed cur? *The Hon. Mrs. Vereker* is lighter than thistledown, and if we were to bring the shortcomings of the novel to the direct attention of the author, the latter would probably maintain that her ambition went no further than the catering for an idle public which is satisfied with her light wares. Why should we be dissatisfied? There is an amusing scene of flirtation over a basket of amateur washing in the second volume which we can decidedly praise.

In an odd little preface to *The Morlands* the anonymous author is very anxious that nobody should make the mistake of supposing that Mirbad, which is the city in the West of India where the action of that story lies, is intended for "Karachi." Unfortunately by a slip of the pen on p. 181 "Kurachee" (which appears to be the more usual spelling) is printed instead of "Mirbad," and our minds are set at rest. All stories of Anglo-Indian life possess a strong family likeness; but *The Morlands* is a favourable example of the class. It is mainly a satire on the ridiculous snobishness which divides the white society into "people one knows" and "second-class people." The Morlands are second-class people, and the misfortunes and final social revenges of their two charming daughters form the plot of the tale. Not only do these young ladies make excellent marriages, one being at last united to the Deputy-Commissioner himself, but they are proved to spring from a very ancient noble family. We cannot help thinking that the moral of the

* *The Hon. Mrs. Vereker*. A novel. By the author of "Molly Bawn." 2 vols. London: F. V. White & Co.

The Morlands; a Tale of Anglo-Indian Life. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

£100,000 versus Ghosts. A novel. 2 vols. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. London: F. V. White & Co.

John Ward, Preacher. By Margaret Deland. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

* *Thoth*. A Romance. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Co.

story would be better if the Misses Morland had risen entirely on the merits of their wit and sweetness, and without the fortuitous advantages of a faded family-tree in the back parlour. But then we should have missed their mother, and Mrs. Morland is the jewel of the book. Her pomposity, her symptoms (carefully modelled on those of a titled ancestor), her remarkable dress, gestures, and Johnsonian language, form a really delightful background of broad comedy. The author is a master of the elegancies of Baboo English. He must surely have actually seen, and not merely imagined, that vast triumphal arch in honour of his Excellency on which the words were inscribed, "To our Noble Governor. Now Mors where is thy Stink?" But we wonder that a learned student of this peculiar style of rhetoric should make so grave an error as to place in Baboo lips the sneer about "the boasted civilization of your so-called nineteenth century." It cannot be too plainly recorded that this exquisite phrase, as many credible persons now alive can witness, was used from the pulpit of a certain suburban parish church by an estimable vicar now no more. The author of *The Morlands* ought to see that the phrase is not at all in the same class as the trophies of unconscious Indian humour. The fast young lady who says "I'm tired of this treadmill. I thought India was a wicked place. It isn't; it's goody-goody," reflects the tone, no doubt, of the last phase of Indian society. That phase is amusingly and freshly depicted in *The Morlands*—a book not by any means of the first class, but bright, sensible, and short.

One must be very exacting or else a member of the Psychical Society not to be entertained by *£100,000 versus Ghosts*. It is a good, stirring tale, in the fearless old fashion, without any rubbish about optical delusions or mental errors. To the very end of the second volume we remained in fear that the apparitions would be explained away; but no, the honour of spooks, in the abstract, is unassailed to the very last page. A certain wealthy and eccentric baronet, while leaving the rest of his property to the heir to the title, reserves a house and manor, called Glen Farlock, for a niece, Kathleen Cathcart, who is not even an eldest daughter, but who has distinguished herself—as we learn in spite of herself, although she tells the story—by her personal courage and moral determination. Glen Farlock is a beautiful old house, but it is deserted and in bad repair. Nobody, in fact, has been able to persuade himself or herself to stay in it a single week, so vividly is it haunted by malignant ghosts. This is the place which Sir Edward leaves to his niece, but without giving her any income upon which to keep it up. The will, however, goes on to say that, if she can prove at the end of a year that she has slept in the house during every night for twelve successive months, she is further to inherit a sum of 100,000*l*. She and her family are very poor; and, although the stories about Glen Farlock are extremely ghastly, Miss Kathleen works her mother, sisters, and brothers up to the pitch of moving from their cottage over to her new possession. They are accompanied by two amusing elderly servants, an exceedingly competent old woman and an exceedingly incompetent old man. The very first night of their stay the heroine sees a lovely young lady in a pale blue satin-quilted petticoat, and a soft, cream-coloured, brocaded upper skirt, who skips about in the moonlight and acts in a most agitating manner. We absolutely decline to tell anything more. In this kind of story the great difficulty is to produce, in broad noon-day, the effect of the genuine terror and horror of a nightly apparition. It is needful to escape the danger of letting the reader say:—"Oh! she was hysterical, or bilious, or saw a shadow of something." This is very fairly avoided by Mrs. Jocelyn, who contrives to make us feel that the Cathcarts were sensible people, and that they really were intolerably bullied by their spooks. Two pretty love-stories are, as in duty bound, woven into *£100,000 versus Ghosts*, and, without betraying the secret, we may say that the money was ultimately secured by the intrepid heroine. We do not know that the precise manner in which the Gordian knot was cut at last strikes us as very happy. It introduces a new and, in our opinion, an incongruously modern element into what had hitherto remained within the confines of old-world ghost-land. In particular, we object very much to the inscription in large white letters on the mist, on Kathleen's wedding-night. This is preposterously in a Rosherville taste, and the communication might just as well have been made by sounds. A ghost that can write in capital letters upon a cloud is surely capable of some sort of speech; at least the latter seems, to our prejudiced minds, to be the less objectionable form of spirit-communication.

We have had occasion to notice before that the American minor novel of the present generation is a much more artistic affair, up to a certain point, than its English analogue. Accordingly we find *John Ward, Preacher*, a far more carefully written book than the three British stories which we have already noticed. It is not, for that reason, a more pleasant book—indeed, it is decidedly a disagreeable and unprofitable one. The second half of it is better written than the first, and contains some scenes which are powerfully, though over-minutely conceived. Miss Deland paints the small social conditions of an aristocratic old Massachusetts village prettily, but such minute Dutch painting is apt to become a little dull. Of this we complain less than of the morbid moral atmosphere of the story. It is quite plain that, while rejecting the creed of her cruel and fanatical hero, she admires him and in a sense approves of his hideous harshness. She does perceive that he was a bigot, however, whereas we are afraid that she has no sort of suspicion that her other hero, Gifford Woodhouse, was a prig of the worst water. There

are certain pages in *John Ward*, those (pp. 410-415) in which Gifford, from a lofty sense of principle, reproves Lois for sympathizing with her sister, who is John Ward's victim, which for tiresome and unnatural priggishness can scarcely have been equalled since the publication of *The Wide, Wide World*. Sir Charles Grandison, himself, could not have contrived to be so superior. We have seldom met with a more curious example of the morbid New England conscientiousness of the present day, a creedless, invertebrate mood shaken by the shadows of past creeds, than is to be met with in this clever and unhealthy story. We are all the more angry with *John Ward, Preacher*, because of the talent which it displays and the care with which it is written. From a purely literary point of view, the weak point of the story is its want of composition. Miss Deland reports with skill and minute accuracy what she has seen, but she has no instinct what to avoid describing. Her best, her most life-like scenes, are spoiled by being too long; the finest chapter in the book, the exceedingly clever and touching death-bed conversation between Mr. Denner and the Broad Church rector, trails out and becomes insipid from its exaggerated lengthiness. If Miss Deland would shake herself free of the shade of Jonathan Edwards, and would deign to study Miss Austen a little, she might yet write a novel which we could praise, but *John Ward, Preacher*, merely irritates us with its wasted cleverness.

A HISTORY OF GREECE.*

THE history of Greece has been often written, but there is plenty of room for the clear, succinct, and sensible work of Mr. Evelyn Abbott. His is not exactly a school-book, at least it could only be used in the higher forms of schools, being intended "for readers who are acquainted with the outlines of the subject, and have some knowledge of the Greek language." However, the ordinary English reader who has no Greek will not find a better guide than Mr. Abbott's History. Not so vast by any means as that of Grote, nor so eloquent and conjectural as that of Curtius, Mr. Abbott's History is full of interest, it is never dull, and it has certain merits which cannot be found in any of its English predecessors. Since the days of Grote a great deal of evidence as to very ancient Greek life, or life in Greek lands, has been accumulated. Not to speak of inscriptions, we have all the testimony of excavations, all the new lore of the East, and all our added knowledge of manners among alien peoples—manners analogous to, and illustrative of, Greek institutions.

Unluckily, though there is abundance of material, it has been studied in a haphazard way, or at least haphazard inferences have been drawn, and knowledge has been rather darkened than otherwise. Mr. Abbott has a reasonable acquaintance with the recent discoveries. But he is no specialist either on archaeology, Oriental knowledge, or anthropology. Consequently he uses the fresh information with caution, nay, with scepticism, and without prejudice. He tells the reader what manner of discoveries have been made and what hypotheses have been built on these; but he commits himself to no acceptance of mare's-nest, and does not, for example, think the partial identification of Lycurgus with the sun or the sun-god worthy of serious discussion. The merits, then, of Mr. Abbott's book are conciseness, clearness, an interesting manner, sufficient learning, strong common sense, and the adequate presentation of novelties in fact or in opinion. We may regret that he has not had space for a discussion of the sources of Greek history, and for a chapter on Greek religion. But these studies he may give us later.

Mr. Abbott begins with a brief but pleasant and sufficient description of the land of Greece. We have never seen an account at once so pithy and so picturesque. He then shortly states what is known or guessed as to the early inhabitants of the land, from the evidence of Homeric and local traditions, language, religion, and monuments. Here we must venture to dissent from Mr. Abbott. This is much the least excellent part of his book, and conveys, we think, quite an erroneous opinion of the value of the Homeric poems. He thinks that the evidence of prehistoric monuments in Greece "makes it probable that the civilization of 'the Homeric age' is an idealized picture, not of the Greeks whom we know, but of a nation which preceded them in the Ægean, and lived in the memory of minstrels." It is, of course, impossible to say with certainty who the people were that lived, for example, in Mycenæ. Between them and historic Greece a great gulf is fixed. The Homeric poet adopted them as members of his race, with truth or in error none can say. But it does appear to us quite certain that the picture of society in the poems is a picture of an actual society. No poet could have invented a whole set of institutions which are not the institutions of his race in the historic period, but every one of which can be shown to have actually existed among men, and many of which are extant still in remote parts of the world. Homer idealized, no doubt, and his profusion of gold and silver is a literary generosity, as in our ballads, in the Kalewala, and in the "Song of Roland." Again, he decidedly omitted many points in myth which must have existed in his time, but which are offensive. If he does not mention the ceremony of purification from bloodguiltiness, can that greatly surprise readers who remember what the ceremony

* *A History of Greece*. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D. Vol. I. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

was? For Homer it had not an antiquarian interest, as a similar and horrible rite had for the learned Apollonius Rhodius in a late age. So he merely suppressed it; or, if he did not, the guess is plausible and consistent with the character of the Homeric taste and imagination. "We may assume," says Mr. Abbott, "that the Iliad and Odyssey were in existence before the Olympic era. . . . But when we attempt to estimate their value as pictures of early Hellenic life and civilization, we are met by difficulties at every step." Mr. Abbott asks whether the statements "are copied from contemporary life or from a supposed past which was never present." We venture to think that, in all essentials, the Homeric statements are copied from life with which the poet was intimately familiar. Compare the marriage laws, the military drill, the implements, with those in Pindar. They are very different from what Pindar saw; yet they are all to be paralleled from actual facts in other societies. Mr. Abbott "cannot fail to recognize the want of historical truth in the poems." He finds war chariots in Homer, not in historic Greece, except in Cyprus. That merely proves the antiquity of the poems. Does Mr. Abbott seriously believe that a poet, singing to warriors who fought on foot or horseback, and singing to them about their ancestors, would expect to interest them by pictures of warfare all unlike the battles with which they were familiar? They would be very keen critics of the fighting, Mr. Abbott may depend on that. It is not a question as to how the chariots were conveyed to Troy. Troy is a city of dreams. But a poet could not hold an audience of fighting men with a long tale of deeds done in a manner to them so unfamiliar. Moreover, Homer's heroes have that little detail of drill, the sticking of the spear upright in front of each sleeping man, which by Aristotle's time had gone out of fashion—except among the Illyrians. The big spear wielded by many men on board ship for repelling boarders is another piece of Homeric military knowledge which sounds thoroughly genuine. As for the huge shield which covered a man like a tower, did historic Greece use it? It is represented on one of the inlaid sword-blades of Mycenæ. How can Mr. Abbott make it an inconsistency that Nausicaa goes to the sea-shore "in an age when, if we are to believe Thucydides, the sea swarmed with pirates"? Why, "the mortal breathes not, nor ever will be born, who shall come with war to the land of the Phæaciens, for they are very dear to the gods. Far apart we dwell in the midst of the wash of the waves, the uttermost of men, and none others are conversant with us." So says Nausicaa herself, and her words explain what is so hard of belief to Mr. Abbott, her visit "to a solitary part of the sea-coast, in an age when, if we are to believe Thucydides, the sea swarmed with pirates." But Mr. Abbott maintains that "Homer is of little or no value as evidence of the early civilization of Hellas." Perhaps he finds it easy to believe that one mind or more could create a world of consistent customs which, like the Bride price and other institutions, are actual human customs, though in Greece they were extinct before Homer. Thucydides is here more critical than Mr. Abbott. Mr. Abbott, replying to Thirlwall's argument, which is the same as ours, says that the people of Periclean Athens delighted in Homer, though their manners were different. Precisely, because they believed, and truly, that they were being, as Chapman's Sirens sing, "not only charmed, but instructed more" in the manners of their ancestors. But Homer must have originally sung to a very different audience. As to Homeric religion, Mr. Abbott satisfies us little better. "There is no idea of any fixed inevitable law in the world, of which we find, for instance, in the remarkable words of Heraclitus, who tells us that, if the sun departs from the appointed path, the Avengers will mark it and put him back." Well, but Mr. Abbott on the next page remarks that, in Homer, "The Erinyes" (the Avengers) "are guardians of order in the world," just as they are in Heraclitus, for example, though the Sun in Homer makes a threat of shining among the Dead, which, probably, he could not have fulfilled. When Mr. Abbott declares that in Homer "Religion is not yet combined with morality," we may remind him of the distinction between religion and myth, and refer him to M. Girard's *Le Sentiment Religieux en Grèce*. Mr. Abbott's remarks that "Perjury, injuries done to parents, or suppliants, or beggars, are visited by Divine wrath. But, beyond those limitations, the right of the stronger prevails among gods and men." This appears to us to be quite misleading, and to neglect both the moral influence of popular opinion and of the divine wrath against injustice, the divine favour to justice. The gods notoriously detested the use of poisoned arrows. "A blameless king that fears the gods rules over many men and mighty, maintaining right." Zeus is in wrath with men who mete out unrighteous judgments, regardless of the anger of the gods, and he scourges their fields with storms and hail. But why multiply proofs of what Homeric readers know very well. In myth his gods have no morality, in religion they patronize such morality as had then been developed.

We have dwelt on these Homeric differences because as to the rest of his book we have little but applause for Mr. Abbott. His account of the probable relations of Phœnicia and Egypt with early Greece seems very good and sagacious. We may not think, with him, that Pramantha and Prometheus have any etymological or mythical connexion, but that is a matter of opinion. His account of the Lycurgean reforms is as clear as possible, and does not insist on being more clear. The difficult problems of early Athenian politics are sensibly handled, and the

reader will learn, with amazement, that Draco was a clement legislator. The old English parallels might have been taken from an original source, but, as they stand, were worth quoting. Mr. Abbott's next volume will be expected with interest; his first instalment is already a book of much value, and very agreeable in the reading.

METAL-WORKING.*

AN American publisher once expressed an opinion to the effect that literary men were divided into two classes—those who could write books but were not gifted as regards getting up title-pages, and, secondly, those who had a genius for titles though their works were of an inferior quality, and that for his part he greatly preferred the latter—which was not astonishing, as he had made a fortune by raking out forgotten failures and republishing them with new and startling names. It is very evident that the author of the very clever and useful little work before us belongs to the men of the first class indicated, since it is actually a book on the metals in common use, such as iron, brass, and silver, with the methods of working them, with information as to lacquers, soldering, drilling, and polishing. It gives little more than this, while it is declared to be "a practical manual of mechanical manipulation," which intimates an immense range of instruction. But within its scope it sets forth in a concise, clear, and practical manner almost all that is needed "for the help and guidance of young mechanics and others interested in the manipulation of metal," beginning with an account of the constituents and characteristics of the metals and alloys familiar to the mechanic in his daily work, thence proceeding to explaining the processes of such work in detail. It is worth noting that in the first chapter, as in all which succeed it, there is much practical information of the kind which only specialists possess, yet which everybody now and then wants or misses. Such are the details as to metals, with their proportions, which go to make sheathing for ships, or for the different sizes of printer's type, pewter of different kinds, gun-metal, bronze, red and pot metal. There are, for instance, thirty-four kinds of brass alone, made from copper and zinc; a few containing tin, varying from white—like silver—through many shades of yellow to dark bronze. Iron is, for the space allotted, very thoroughly and practically discussed, its qualities or properties being well described, as are the details of working it by "upsetting," "welding," forging, sanding, joining, case-hardening, and all other processes, including that of preparing it in the malleable form. The properties of steel, its modes of manufacture and the methods of working it, are then given, and here we are again struck with the fact that the most general reader may here accumulate items for which he will often be thankful, especially if he be ambitious of understanding all the hard things which are said about naval and military sins and shortcomings in the matter of "guns, swords, and other things that hurt."

In his way the author puts facts in a form to be remembered. "There would be less diversity in the results of brass-castings," he remarks, "if what was put into a crucible came out of it." That is to say, that the volatility of some metals—as of some minds—is such that "it greatly interferes with uniformity in ordinary work." Then there are their various "melting points," which, again, are as difficult to determine as those of susceptible men or women; so that we are through all the work tempted to exclaim, "C'est tout comme chez nous." Some facts given will be found quite curious to many; as, for instance, that "the ease with which some of the metals are burned away at comparatively low temperatures renders it a very easy matter to make several different kinds of metal with the same mix." The degree of heat is also a serious matter; for, if one ingredient be too hot or cold, a quite different "metal" may result. We gain from all this a high opinion of the skill of pre-historic bronze-workers, who had evidently anticipated modern metallurgy in most things which could be learned by mere experience and observation.

The rest of the book explains the finishing, or polishing, of metals. Lacquering is well treated; a number of recipes for lacquers, bronzes, &c. being given. Fourteen pages are devoted to soldering and solders; succeeded by chapters on files, file-cutting, and tool-grinding, in which all kinds of stones are described; and, in turn, drills and drilling with abrasive or finishing metals and stone. It is a book which should be found in every workshop, as it is one which will be continually referred to for a very great amount of standard information; and it should certainly find a place in all technical schools. But, indeed, there are hundreds of facts in it which should be in the memory of every well or generally informed man.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

EXCEPT his scientific achievements, not much is, we think, generally known of the great chemist who was one of the innumerable victims of that stupid and brutal explosion of popular imbecility known as the French Revolution, and about to be celebrated next year by a few honest fanatics, a larger

* *The Mechanic's Workshop Handy-Book: a Practical Manual on Mechanical Manipulation.* By Paul N. Hasluck, A.I.M.E. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

number of knaves, and an infinite deal of fools. Nor does it appear from M. Grimaux's interesting and most handsomely got-up monograph (1) that there was very much to know. Lavoisier was a man almost entirely wrapped up in his chemistry, in his business of *fermier-général* (which brought him, as was afterwards formally acknowledged, unjustly into the clutches of the revolutionary tribunal), and in a happy domestic life. His wife must have been very pretty, to judge from the frontispiece here, which represents her with her husband in his laboratory. The marriage was one of affection as well as of interest: she entered most warmly into his scientific pursuits and did her very utmost for him in his last troubles. We really do not know that anything has ever been said against him except that he was a *fermier-général*, all *fermiers-généraux* being scoundrels, and except, also, some of the endless imputations of not behaving well to companions or forerunners in research which are made against all men of science, and which in his case M. Grimaux seems to disprove. The present treatise, though from the nature of the case a little deficient in incident, seems to be excellent in its kind, and is illustrated with exceptional care, two of the sketches being after Mme. Lavoisier herself, and representing her husband's experiments on respiration, with the lady very becomingly sketching at a table in the background. It is a handsome and a creditable book.

When Hyde de Neuville and that rough diamond Georges Cadoudal (2) were on one of their clandestine voyages to England the great Chouan turned to his companion and said, "If ever His Majesty comes to the throne it will really be awkward for you and me: we have got so in the way of being conspirators." Hyde himself (he was, it ought to be needless to say, a descendant of the Clarendon Hydes, and only a Frenchman because his immediate ancestors were Jacobite refugees) does not in telling the story seem to have suspected any irony, and we do not know that irony was much in Cadoudal's way. But there might in some mouths have been an ironical side to it. The excellent Hyde de Neuville, the most important part of whose life does not come within this portion of his memoirs, which do not go beyond the restoration, was always conspiring from the day of the agony of the monarchy onwards, and with the best intentions. But uncommonly little ever seems to have come of it. He was particularly great at plotting escapes for other people out of prison, and it was said, but baselessly (according to himself and his nieces who edit the book), that he was privy to the infernal-machine plot against Bonaparte. His Memoirs are readable, but slightly disappointing as to positive fact, and we take leave to doubt very much his opinion that, but for the Machiavellian conduct of England, the Chouans under the Directory could have succeeded where the far more formidable Vendean insurrection earlier failed.

Madame de Villèle (3), to whom most of her husband's letters between 1816 and 1820 are addressed, must have been the most ardent of lady politicians if she was not bored by them. Villèle was an honest man, and a sound, if not heaven-born politician, but his letters are anything but cheerful reading. For instance, he tells his wife that he is going to meet, and afterwards that he has met Canning; he also warns her (correctly) that there will be no politics talked at the dinner. But, instead of giving some account of the English statesman, who was surely an important and interesting person enough, and of what he did say, he gives in both letters an elaborate sketch of the politics that were not going to be, and that were not talked. This is not amusing.

We hardly think that any English school of jurists will derive much edification from M. Beaussire's *Principes du droit* (4), which is neither a discussion of actual systems nor a strict philosophical treatise, but an attempt to find deductive justifications for the facts of law as they exist by a mixture of rhetoric and argument. For instance, M. Beaussire tells us that we must not regard marriage as a contract, and that we must carefully avoid taking antecedent personal affection into account. The bond of wedlock is, according to him, to be considered solely with a view to the possibly resulting offspring; from which we can only gather that childless married persons are not married at all.

Of two not disagreeable volumes of verse before us, *Au bord du désert* (5), by M. Aicard, who has been long known to students of French poetry, is a collection of Algerian sketches. The local colour is laid on rather too much with a knife; but such pieces as that which describes the death-ride of an Arab after a blue-and-pink ostrich, a feather of which his cruel mistress has demanded, have power and passion; while "Salim," though a little in the vein of the poem in the *Légende* about Sultan Mourad and the pig, is also good. M. Vulpian's book (6) seems to be the many-years-gathered harvest, not of a professional poet, but of a sufficiently accomplished album versifier "at his hours." There are a good many translations from the English; but we trust, for the honour of our country, that the title will not be regarded as such by too many Englishmen.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Last Journals of Bishop Hannington, edited by E. C. Dawson, M.A. (Seeley & Co.), form an exceedingly interesting volume—the complement, to a certain extent, of the editor's biography of Bishop Hannington. That work, Mr. Dawson explains, was already prepared for the press when the diaries now printed were received one by one from the scenes of the Bishop's labours where they were written. Nothing more was then possible than to give the graphic and touching entries that conclude the last diary. This final journal occupies about one-half of the present volume, and sets forth the events of the eventful and fatal voyage from Kisulutini to the northern shores of Victoria Nyanza. It commences on the 1st of August, 1885, at Ndi, to the north of the mission-station of Taita, where the Bishop diverged from the ordinary route to Chagga and "made his first plunge into the unknown." Despite the anxieties and trials of the voyage, and the dreary wastes of desert traversed before Lake Nakuro was reached, the cheerful tone of the traveller's note-book is remarkable, and adds not a little to the pathos of the last eight days. The sketches that illustrate the Journal are carefully reproduced, and are full of interest. The remainder of the book comprises a short home diary, written between June 1883 and November 1884, and a journal of Bishop Hannington's visitation to the churches in Palestine and Syria in the winter of 1884-5, which was written during his journey through Masai-land or while a prisoner in U-Soga. The record of the Palestine journey abounds in spirited sketches of men and things, enlivened with characteristic touches of humour, and is altogether fuller and more deliberate in style than the other diaries. Every reader of Mr. Dawson's Life of Bishop Hannington will welcome this additional memorial of a noble life.

In *The Paradox Club* (T. Fisher Unwin) Mr. Edward Garnett shows that he possesses the poet's gift of transfiguring common scenes and average young men and women by a quaint presentment, in which incongruous association and a playful fancy are pleasantly allied. The members of the Paradox Club would, of course, be offended if they were taken to be anything but rare types of London society; but it is none the less the distinctive merit of Mr. Garnett's bright and amusing sketches of character that they are eminently human and natural. We have all met his Socialist, his poet, his Edinburgh man, and the enthusiastic believer in the superiority of woman. The young women and their little failings and flirtations are dexterously drawn. The one love affair—that of the beautiful Nina, whose portrait adorns the volume, and the impetuous Patrick—is cleverly interwoven with the sayings and doings of the Paradoxists, and is brought to a successful issue in a scene which is not less delicately realized than fresh in conception. Mr. Garnett's dialogue is often quite as good as his description, and in description he is singularly happy. The mystery of London streets by night is powerfully suggested, and the realistic force of his night-pieces is enhanced by the vague and Schumann-like sentiment that pervades them.

The "Spanish Boccaccio" is but a misleading title to affix to *El Conde Lucanor* of Don Juan Manuel, of which we have an illustrated edition—*Count Lucanor; or, the Fifty Pleasant Stories of Patronio* (Pickering & Chatto)—"first done into English" by Dr. James York in 1868, with capital designs by S. L. Wood. This curious book is put forth in the most attractive guise and requires no adventitious recommendation to the English reader. The preface and notes supply all needful explanation or information concerning author and text, while Mr. Wood's spirited drawings are of genuine illustrative quality.

Homestead Highways, by Herbert Milton Sylvester (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner & Co.), is a pleasant volume descriptive of rural life in New England, in all respects worthy of the author of *Prose Pastorals*, a book we commended not long since and recall with pleasure in the fresh and sympathetic pages of its successor.

In the "Camelot Series" we have the *Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury* (Walter Scott), edited by Mr. Will H. Dircks, whose prefatory essay contains all that was needed to introduce a popular edition of a famous book.

Mr. G. H. Wilson's chronicle of musical events in America—*The Musical Year-Book of the United States* (Boston: Mudge)—is a useful compilation, handy for reference, and complete in all that pertains to a record of musical work during the past season 1887-8. A similar publication in England would be generally appreciated by the profession and amateurs.

Newts, toads, frogs, and amphibious snakes are not perhaps common objects of collection, though extremely fascinating to a certain number of young naturalists. Those who possess the taste and need direction may derive sound advice and assistance from a little book in the "Young Collector" series by Catherine C. Hopley, entitled *British Reptiles and Batrachians* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.). It will be news to many people interested in that delicate creature *Rana esculenta* to learn that edible frogs are now "frequent in the marshy localities of the eastern counties."

From the "Reports of Excursions" of the *London Geological Field Club*, published by Messrs. G. Philip & Son, it is evident that the members enjoyed an active and profitable time under Professor Seeley's guidance during the propitious summer of 1887.

- (1) *Lavoisier*. Par E. Grimaux. Paris: Alcan.
- (2) *Mémoires et souvenirs de Hyde de Neuville*. Paris: Plon.
- (3) *Mémoires et correspondance du comte de Villèle*. Tome II. Paris: Perrin.
- (4) *Les principes du droit*. Par E. Beaussire. Paris: Alcan.
- (5) *Au bord du désert*. Par J. Aicard. Paris: Ollendorff.
- (6) *Du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère*. Par Paul Vulpian. Paris: Ollendorff.

Under the title *The Popper Expedition in Tierra del Fuego* (H. Grevel & Co.) we have an interesting reprint of a lecture delivered at the Argentine Geographical Institute by Mr. Julian Popper, C.E., translated from the "Bulletin" of the Institute by Mr. J. E. O'Curry. A good map of the northern section of the island is appended to the explorer's narrative.

Bootles' Children, by John Strange Winter (F. V. White & Co.), is a sequel to the popular *Bootles' Baby*, the fruit of many earnest demands addressed to the author that Mignon's life should be dealt with further. The story is brightly written and prettily illustrated by Mr. J. B. Partridge, but does not altogether evade the fate of most sequels.

We have received a new edition—the fourth—of *The Lazy Minstrel*, by J. Ashby-Sterry (T. Fisher Unwin); *Historical Records of St. Albans*, by Arthur Ernest Gibbs (St. Albans: Gibbs & Bamforth); the *Pocket Gazetteer*, edited by J. G. Bartholomew (John Walker & Co.); *Oxford Commemoration*, by "A Fellow of Experientia" (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), and *The Abbey Murder*, by Joseph Hatton (Spencer Blackett).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—All ADVERTISEMENTS intended for insertion in the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed direct to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, SATURDAY REVIEW OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Now ready, *VOLUME LXV.*, bound in cloth, price 16s. Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,707, JULY 14, 1888

- The Emperors' Meeting.
 Payment of Members of Parliament.
 Parnellism and Committees. The National Rose Society.
 Zululand. Gentlemen v. Players.
 The State of Public Business. The Paradise of Women.
 A Lesson to Magistrates. The Life Peers Bill.
 Latrigg. The Offer to Mr. Parnell.
- Grenoble and the "Journées des Tuiles."
 Belief and Make-belief. Our Inland Watering-Places.
 The Story of the London Police—VI.
 The Bank Dividends. Racing. The Coliseum in London.
 "La Tosca." Choral Singing. "The Battle of Abu Klea."
 Richter Concerts. Royal College of Music.
 The Silver Fete.

- William Edward Forster.
 Novels and Tales. Tin-Mining in New South Wales.
 Ancient Monumental Sculpture.
 Books on Divinity. Australasia. Some Books of Verse.
 Malcolm's History of Persia. Reynell Taylor.
 Thoth. Novels. A History of Greece.
 Metal-Working. French Literature.
 New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ARUNDEL GALLERY EXHIBITION
 of nearly TWO HUNDRED UNPUBLISHED WATER-COLOUR COPIES on a Reduced Scale, from Old Italian Frescoes and other Paintings, arranged chronologically and in Schools.
 OPEN DAILY from Ten till Five. Saturdays Ten till Four. Admission free.
 Office of the Arundel Society, DOUGLAS H. GORDON, Secretary.
 19 St. James's Street, S.W.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS from Frescoes and other Paintings by Ancient Masters, Italian, Flemish, and German, are ON SALE at LOWER PRICES to Members, and at higher to Strangers. Catalogues and all other information will be sent gratis on application.
 A Donation of at least 4s. 6d. to the Copying Fund entitles to all privileges of Membership.
 Offices of the Arundel Society, DOUGLAS H. GORDON, Secretary.
 19 St. James's Street, S.W.

THE FEDERAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA, Limited.

JOINT BANKERS TO THE GOVERNMENT OF VICTORIA.

HEAD OFFICE—MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

Branches in Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia.

Authorised Capital, £2,500,000. Subscribed, £800,000.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, £400,000. RESERVE FUND, £30,000.

LONDON BRANCH, 18 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

London Board of Directors.

Sir HENRY BARKLY, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

Lieut.-General Sir ANDREW CLARKE, R.E., G.C.M.G., &c.

Hon. HOWARD SPENSLEY.

Banking business of every description connected with the Australian Colonies transacted.
 FIXED DEPOSITS of £50 and upwards received for periods from SIX MONTHS to FIVE YEARS, and the highest rates of interest allowed.
 18 King William Street, E.C. JOHN H. BUTT, Manager.

THE NEW GALLERY, Regent Street.—The SUMMER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, from Nine A.M. to Seven P.M. Admission One Shilling; Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION,

West Brompton, Earl's Court, and West Kensington.

PATRON.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF ITALY.

HON. PRESIDENT.

H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL.

JOHN R. WHITLEY, Esq.

PRESIDENT OF THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

COL. J. T. NORTH.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF 1883.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE YEAR.

ITALIAN SCULPTURE, PAINTINGS AND INDUSTRIES.

At 4.0 and 8.30 P.M. Daily, Wet or Dry.

ROME UNDER THE EMPEROR TITUS.

On the "WILD WEST" ARENA.

Magnificent reproduction of the ROMAN COLISEUM.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

ILLUMINATED GARDEN FÊTE EVERY EVENING.

SEVERAL MILITARY BANDS DAILY FROM 1.0 TO 11.0 P.M.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

ADMISSION to the EXHIBITION, is. Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.

VINCENT A. APPLIN, Secretary.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.—DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, representing Carcano, Musa & Co., Como; Bersanino, Corti, and Marengo, Turin; F. Vernazzi, Milan; and Schiavio, Fratelli, & Co., Gorla de Velasco, invite an inspection of a choice COLLECTION of ITALIAN SILKS, Velvets, Tapestry, Silk Portières, Coverlets, Scarves, &c., now exhibiting at Class VII., No. 605.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.—The ITALIAN SILK COVERLETS manufactured by Schiavio, Fratelli, & Co., admirably adapted for Portières, Curtains, and in Algerian, Oriental, and National Colourings, are sold retail at the Exhibition, price 7s. 6d., and by DEBENHAM & FREEBODY, Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street, W.

IRISH EXHIBITION IN LONDON, 1888.

NOW OPEN.

OLYMPIA, KENSINGTON.

PRODUCTS AND MANUFACTURES OF IRELAND.

IRISH ARTS AND ANTIQUITIES.

From July 17 to 20 the OLD IRISH MARKET PLACE will be the scene of a fashionable FANCY FAIR, when the following, among other ladies, will preside at the Stalls: The Marchioness of Salisbury, Countess Spencer, Marchioness of Londonderry, Countess of Aberdeen, Countess of Devis, Lady Arthur Hill, and Mrs. Gladstone.

OPEN 11 A.M. to 10.30 P.M.

Admission, 1s.; Wednesdays, 2s. 6d. Season Ticket, 12s.

Excursions from all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Improved service via West Kensington and Addison Road Stations. Omnibuses every few minutes from all parts direct to the doors of Olympia.

PARTNERSHIP.—One or more GENTLEMEN with capital REQUIRED to join Advertiser, with Limited Liability, in taking over from Executors an old-established first-class PUBLISHING BUSINESS.—Apply, by letter, giving name and address, present occupation, and amount of capital at command, to H. UNDERWOOD, SOX, & FIPER, Solicitors, 15 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W.

METROPOLITAN DRINKING FOUNTAIN and CATTLE TROUGH ASSOCIATION.

Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.

This is the only Society providing Free Supplies of Water for Man and Beast in the streets of London and Suburbs.

Contributions are very earnestly solicited.

Bankers: Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, RANSOM, BOUVIER & CO.

Offices: 111 Victoria Street, S.W.

M. W. MILTON, Secretary.

FISHER'S

GLADSTONE BAG.

188 STRAND.

Catalogues post free.

REDNESS, ROUGHNESS, & CHAPPING PREVENTED.
 FAIR WHITE HANDS AND HEALTHFUL SKIN
 AND COMPLEXION SECURED.

PEARS' SOAP.

This world-renowned Toilet Soap has obtained Fifteen International Awards as a *Complexion Soap*. It is specially suitable for Ladies, Children, or delicate and sensitive skins generally.

Its regular use cannot fail to benefit the worst complexion.

Recommended by Mrs. LANGTRY and Madame ADELINA PATTI.

TONGA, the SPECIFIC for NEURALGIA.

"Tonga maintains its reputation in the treatment of Neuralgia."—*Lancet*.
 "Invaluable in facial Neuralgia. Has proved effective in all those cases in which we have prescribed it."—*Medical Press*.

2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. Of all Chemists.